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SHOULD WE BOMB RED CHINA?

JANUARY 12, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

IS THERE A THEOLOGY OF SURVIVAL?

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

ARE YOU QUEER?

The Government wants to know

JOAN ZOLA

Also In This Issue:

WHY DO WE TAKE IT? JAMES BURNHAM WRITES ABOUT THE AFRICANS IN THE UN ♦ EDMUND A. OPITZ ON ALBERT JAY NOCK ♦ ERIK VON K-L ON HENRY HAZLITT ♦ RUSSELL KIRK ON THE ENGLISH DREARS

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Professor **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** writes to urge that we ask ourselves basic questions once again, having to do with the question of survival. He views the election returns of November 3 darkly, and with singular force and passion pleads with us to understand in the theological, that is in ultimate terms, the meaning of what we do. Mr. Wilhelmsen, as professor of philosophy, continues to teach at the University of Pamplona in Spain . . . **Joan Zola** had a Fulbright in Paris where she did research on the Middle Ages, came back, applied for a job with an agency of the government, and endured the experiences set forth in a harrowing and amusing piece. She is 28 years old at this point, married, and living in Washington. She writes us that besides being a student of languages (she has mastered five) "I also love horses, music, and writing, and if I could satisfy three ambitions they would be to play Chopin like Novaes, ride like the Lone Ranger, and write like Garry Wills."

➔ **Cato** reports, not without relish we admit, that the relation between LBJ and the press is deteriorating . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** is sore at the backbiting against Senator Goldwater by many conservatives, and gives the reasons why . . . **James Burnham's** point is: Look, we have to take it on the chin in many parts of the world where there aren't any easy alternatives. But we most emphatically do *not* have to take the insolences and humiliations we have recently endured in the United Nations by those Africans who went there to explain why it was absolutely necessary to eat Dr. Paul Carlson. So why do it? The author of *Suicide of the West* knows the answers . . . **Russell Kirk** writes from England about the rising generation there, its hopes, and his despair.

➔ **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** who by the way is these days in Chile and will return home to Austria in a month, has carefully and enthusiastically reviewed the new book by Mr. Henry Hazlitt on the foundations of morality . . . Dr. **Edmund A. Opitz,** who is associated with the Foundation for Economic Education at Irvington-on-Hudson, has been a fan of Albert Jay Nock for many years; indeed founded an organization (*pace* Nock) called the Nock Society, dedicated to the leisurely appreciation of his works. He reviews the reissue of Nock's famous *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man,* and a study of the mind and art of Nock by a young scholar freshly out of Yale . . . **Francis Russell,** can you bear it, does not like *My Fair Lady,* notwithstanding which we continue to like him, in fact most explicitly wish him a Happy New Year; as we do all of you.

➔ Our Trans-O-Gram does not appear in this issue because Mr. **Svend Petersen** was so foolish as to suppose that in eight days the Post Office could manage to transport a letter from Maryland all the way to New York. It will be resumed in the next *NR:* meanwhile, the solution to the last Trans-O-Gram (December 29), appears on page 22. ➔

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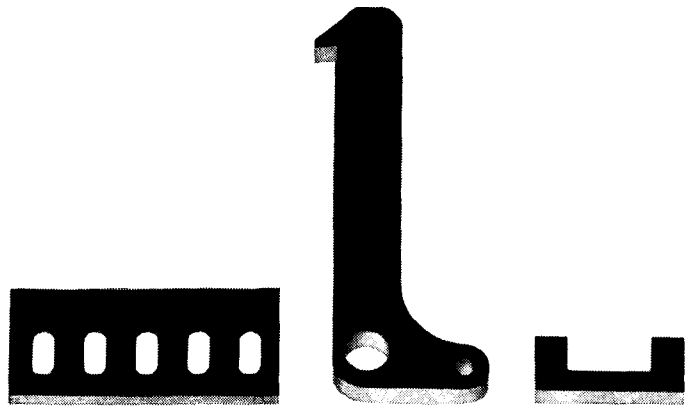

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To the Editor

Cold Friday

I had just closed the covers of *Cold Friday* when the Dec. 15 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW arrived. Not being a slavish follower of the leftist journals, I was somewhat astounded to read Mr. Buckley's reply to the obviously frenetic reviews they have been producing. From what I could gather, the chief task of the "clique" in regard to Whittaker Chambers is to label him apostate. Hence untrustworthy.

Mr. Buckley does a magnificent job for the defense. However, the strongest refutation of all lies in Chambers' book. It is a profound and haunting comment not only on the twentieth century, but on the enduring spirit of man. Its honesty is almost unbearable; the enchanting Never Never game of the Liberal establishment is forever shattered.

But Chambers offers something far more precious in its place—an appreciation of human suffering. In a world where suffering is considered disgraceful, or merely ignored (as in the case of the captive nations), Chambers' philosophy will inevitably meet with vehement attack. Life is tragic, says Whittaker Chambers. But, "In its tragedy lies its victory. For out of the power to confront and suffer tragedy alone comes greatness of concept, life, or men. . ."

One cannot merely dismiss Chambers; one must come to terms with him, answer him. Which is why he wreaked so much havoc in the Liberal establishment. Brutal honesty is always difficult to cope with. I have not been so moved by a piece of writing since I discovered Albert Camus.

Bronx, N.Y. JOAN DEMAREST

It was my great privilege recently to read Chambers' *Cold Friday* and my misfortune to read the two anthropophagous reviews Buckley so deftly destroyed. My first thought, after reading the reviews, was to hope that someone, in some national publication, would give them the searching analyses they deserved. But I had no idea *anyone* was capable of such a rutilant, incisive article.

One of the tragedies of our age is

(Continued on p. 23)

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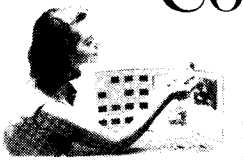

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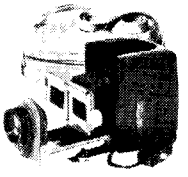

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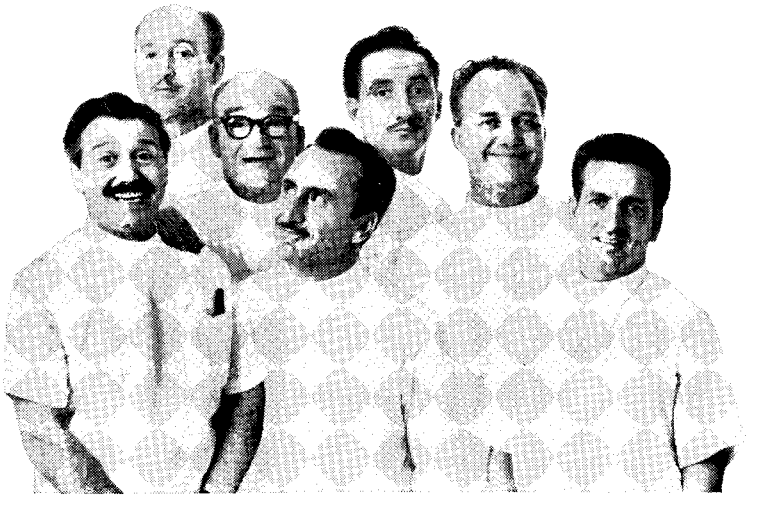

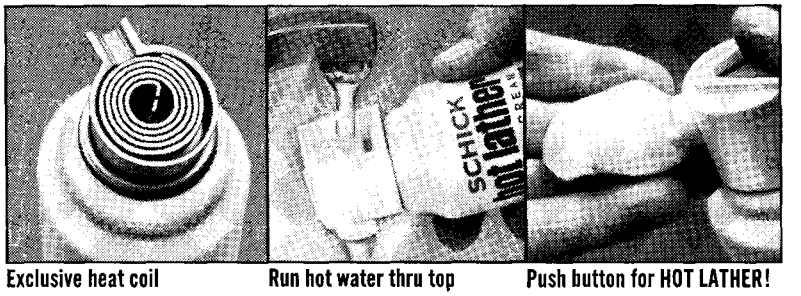

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The WEEK

● The Polaris nuclear submarine dispatched for duty off the China coast is rumored to be the *USS Steve Allen.*

● Let us review the fight for the GOP House leadership. First, entering right stage, Melvin Laird (Wisc.) who categorically denies that he seeks the minority leadership. But he denies it emphatically enough to wake up Charlie Halleck, downstage right-center, who shakes himself out of a post-election snooze. Gerry Ford (Mich.), standing moderately at mid-stage, announces that he too will *not* be a candidate for Halleck's job, which is a signal to Charlie Goodell (N.Y.) and Robert Griffen (Mich.) to go to work for his election. John Lindsay (Lib., N.Y.), usually seen but not heard on matters of party organization, enters left stage and announces that his Wednesday Club will field its own candidate—Robert Stafford (Vt.), if you press him for names. The Eastern press frontpages Lindsay's statement, others laugh; Stafford crosses Lindsay off his Christmas list. Laird then whispers his support to Ford, while smiling downstage at Halleck, then exits, right. Silvio Conte (Mass.), who has assured at least two candidates of his support, is collared for an explanation, and tries evasive action, and becomes perhaps the first man re-elected by more than 90 per cent of the vote to deplore one-party rotten boroughs. Ford then steps forward and says he will be a candidate after all—which the sensationalists construe as a move against Dean Burch—which Ford has not, and probably will not, take. Halleck gets sorer and sorer. Laird soothes everyone by assuring both candidates that more effective leadership of the GOP will result from the contest, whatever the result. Laird knows he will have a top leadership post for himself, no matter who wins, and fewer and fewer people seem to care.

● It's boycott time again on the civil rights front and the sky's the limit. Operations on a scale previously undreamed of are now being mapped by the supermilitant planners who have risen to the top in all the major Negro organizations, and anything SNCC can do CORE can do better. James Farmer of CORE now has his sights on an economic boycott of the entire segregated South, starting with a cutoff by the government of funds to federally aided projects affected by local segregationist practices, and extending to pressure on private industry not to do business in states where such practices are legal. Farmer's plan—encouraged by the President's recent approval of measures allowing for federal economic reprisal—is the harshest threat leveled thus far in the anti-South campaign, since of all areas of the country the South—which includes the South's Negroes—is most dependent on federal assistance.

● The taxingest, spendingest governor in history, New York's very own Nelson Rockefeller, has been defending his policies since 1958 in a tone of moral rectitude: If the people want it, they have to pay for it: Pay As You Go! Last week Nelson Rockefeller abandoned that position in seeking authority to issue bonds to cover an enormous deficit in state finances. The people have paid, but Rocky won't go. Indeed, Rocky's henchmen are passing the word that he'd like to run for re-election in 1966. Insiders believe that Rocky's talk of running should be taken as seriously as his talk of fiscal soundness.

● Congressman John Lindsay (Lib.-Rep.), who campaigned and won hugely in Manhattan's "silk stocking" district by repudiating the Goldwater-Miller ticket and offering himself as "the district's pride, the nation's hope," has assented to have his biography done, no doubt because he shares with many of his constituents the opinion that his finest hours are, at age 43, behind him. It will be written by Daniel Button of the *Albany Times-Union* and will (as presently planned) carry the suave subtitle, "Courage on a Hundred Battlefields." Albany is where the Governor is. The Nation's Hope would like to make it his 101st courageous battlefield.

● The Honorable Alex Quaison-Sackey of Ghana, President of the United Nations General Assembly, is a great tactician, all right. Mr. Quaison-Sackey's problem is serious: how to get on with the business of the UN without ever bringing an issue to vote, a vote being what the Soviet Union may not exercise if Article 19 on delinquent payments is ever invoked. But that hasn't stopped Quaison-Sackey. He now proposes to "poll," "informally," the 115 UN members on whether they would "prefer" Jordan or Mali as the next non-permanent member of the Security Council. Having taken his "poll" Mr. Quaison-Sackey will a) inform either Jordan or Mali (as the "poll" goes) that should it come to a "vote," it would be the "loser"—and suggest that, accordingly, the loser withdraw. If it does so, then of course there will be only one applicant for the seat and that applicant can be voted (oops) shouted in by acclamation. Brainy, these UN types.

● Pressures from the United Nations, from other African states, from the Communist world, and from Whitehall, are forcing Rhodesia into closer ties with her equally beleaguered neighbors, South Afri-

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ca and Portuguese Angola and Mozambique. Last week, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith signed a trade treaty with South Africa providing for what amounts to a common market between the two countries, and he is currently negotiating a similar pact with Portugal. These are precautionary measures: notice to Harold Wilson's government that Rhodesia is taking steps to diversify her markets and establish new outlets for her products—just in case.

● On South Vietnam, it begins to look as if the order has gone out: *"Prepare to Scuttle!" Item:* Ambassador Maxwell Taylor and State Department spokesmen denounce South Vietnam leadership (General Khanh and Premier Huong), announce holdback of aid, imply Vietnamese are hopeless. *Item:* Senator Frank Church (Dem., Idaho) uses columns of January-February issue of *Ramparts* — recently bankrolled lay-Catholic rival to Ralph Ginzburg's *Fact*—to denounce original U.S. decision to act in Southeast Asia and to demand withdrawal and "neutralization." *Item:* Senators Fulbright, Mansfield, Gruening, McGovern, Morse, Bartlett, Pell and Nelson publicly reported to feel likewise, and to be readying speeches for congressional session. *Item:* Lead editorial in *New York Times* (Dec. 28) summarizes Church piece, smiles kindly on it. *Item:* Walter Lippmann advocates retreat—"If this be isolationism, so be it."

● Year End Note (*Sacré Bleu* Div.): The French Institute of Public Opinion reports that 58 per cent of the French population thought that 1964 was a good year—the first time so many Frenchmen have agreed on anything since Julius Caesar divided Gaul into three parts.

● Richard Ottinger ("Pledged to Fight Extremism"), first Democratic U.S. Congressman ever elected in Gov. Rockefeller's home district in Westchester, has come under fire for the way he raised campaign funds last year. Seems his mother and his sister (daughter and granddaughter of U.S. Plywood) chipped in about $175,000 to help young Ottinger find suitable employment in Washington. The law says an individual can't give more than $3,000 to any political fund-raising organization. So the Pledgees Against Extremism set up about thirty separate fund-raising "groups," to most of which the daughter and grandaughter of U.S. Plywood appear to have been the sole contributors. All perfectly legal. Just a tempest in a teapot dome. Ottinger replaces Robert Barry, who turns out to be a great-grandson of Standard-Oil-in-law.

● In Jackson Heights, Long Island, a group of parents who objected to their children being sent to distant schools to achieve proper racial percentages took their children out of public school and enrolled them in private school. They organized the Jackson Heights Day School with accredited teachers and started in, at a tuition cost of $26 a month (*cf.* $700 a year per capita cost of public schooling). The Board of Education has ruled the Day School "inadequate," hoping to drive the children back to the buses. Other children were enrolled in the Konigin Institute, which enjoyed full approval from the Board of Education until the renegade children infiltrated. Now the Board of Education has found Konigin Institute, also, to be "inadequate." On just what grounds, no one dares say. The fight will go to the courts.

● U.S. Chamber of Commerce, 1615 H Street NW, Washington, D.C., is making a study of duplication in government forms and questionnaires. All citizens and businesses are invited to send *specific* examples of needless or redundant federal snooping to the COC.

● For Exceptional Courage on the High Seas of Liberalism Department: to Admiral D.W. Brogan for action in *Encounter* (Dec. 1964): "At the risk of being deemed a fool or a knave, I think the [Warren] Commission has deserved well of the republic, even though they have not provided evidence for that right-wing conspiracy in whose existence I myself expressed belief on TV on November 22 and 23. But, unlike some people, I can learn."

Should We Bomb Red China's Bomb?

Communist China's A-bomb capability, introduced to the world October 16 with the customary bang, was a journalistic sensation for a couple of weeks, but soon faded from public view as the Congo, Vietnam, MLF and Santa Claus took over the headlines. The Chinese, though, have not forgotten. Their nuclear program is jogging briskly along without interference from outside sources, under the scientific direction, it is understood, of the first-rate nuclear physicist, Chien San-chieng. The younger rocket project is also making progress, guided by Chien Hseuh-sen, whose expertise was honed during his years, up to 1955, at MIT, Cal Tech, the Manhattan District and the AEC. The political direction, it goes without saying, comes from the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, operating according to the unadulterated Maoist doctrine of total world revolution.

Let us pause to consider what this foreshadows.

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Within a few years Communist China will possess a stockpile of A-bombs and quite possibly a few H-bombs. It already has planes that could deliver these to the major cities around its periphery—in Japan, the Philippines, India, all Southeast Asia. It will probably produce medium-range rockets within three or four years. An international aircraft or missile delivery system is more distant, but even today a ship can carry a Chinese bomb into the harbors of New Orleans, San Francisco, New York or London.

This development is certain, provided there is no outside interference with the Chinese nuclear program. Communist China has the necessary scientists and technicians, and, with the initial help of Russia and the subsequent help of European electronics, precision machinery and other companies, has succeeded in putting together the necessary facilities. We therefore confront a major and perhaps catastrophic shift against us in the world power balance; indeed, the shift is already under way. All the western Pacific region will become hostage to Peking. The West will be driven out. The indirect threat to our interests will evolve into a direct threat to our national security.

Are we resigned to waiting passively for this fate to unroll, like a man who merely watches and waits while the guillotine is constructed to chop his head off? Is there anything that we *can* do, if we would?

NATIONAL REVIEW has suggested that we are not helpless, that there is something to do, now. We can destroy—destroy literally, physically—the present Chinese nuclear capability, and thereby guarantee, since their underlying industrial recovery power is meager, that they cannot become a nuclear power for a good many years ahead. We can do so without undue risk or loss; without, even, very great loss to China other than to the nuclear installations themselves.

The installations required for production of nuclear weapons are large—reactors, diffusion plants, weapons development and assembly plants, vast electric power works—and concentrated geographically in a small number of locations. (In our Manhattan District there were only three primary locations, and destruction even of one of these would have meant long delay, even though, unlike China, we had in abundance all the supporting industries.) Through spy satellites, U-2 flights, statistical analyses and standard intelligence, our government knows just about everything concerning the Chinese installations, as was spectacularly demonstrated by Secretary Rusk's on-the-nose prediction of the October 16 explosion.

The Chinese Communists do not have defensive equipment that could stop, or seriously damage, an air strike against their key nuclear installations, much less a missile strike. It is possible that a very few planes might be hit, as three Formosa-based U-2's have been over the past year, but nearly all would get to target and return. All this is general knowledge. NATIONAL REVIEW has in addition been assured by an unimpeachable, fully qualified source within our military command structure that, from a military-technological standpoint, the mission of destroying the present Chinese nuclear capability a) is entirely feasible, and b) would not entail major damage. The matter of just which weapons systems and methods to use for such a mission is of course a problem to be settled by the military command, once the order came from the commander-in-chief—though it no doubt has been presumptively settled in the war plans division.

It would seem possible to give Peking advance notice of two or three hours—the difference in defensive potential would not be great. If so, this would offer a chance for evacuation of Chinese personnel, and a minimum of Chinese casualties. Presumably both the NATO powers and Moscow would get advance warning, especially if nuclear weapons were to be employed.

But does not this mean inevitable escalation into general war? Why so? It would more probably have the effect of damping down the trend toward general war. The action would be strictly limited and clearly motivated. It would threaten no one except the Chinese Communists, nuclear bomb manufacturers, and affect them only in depriving them of the material means for becoming an intolerable threat to the rest of mankind. No matter what the full truth may be about Sino-Soviet relations, it is certain that Moscow does not want China to become a nuclear power—and in fact five years ago withdrew all support of China's nuclear development even along peaceful lines. There would be no motive whatever for the Russians to react militarily. (They would hardly launch a nuclear attack when the United States would be, as a matter of course, *already* on full alert.) Will the Russians sacrifice Moscow for Paotou (site of one key Chinese reactor)? Hardly.

Would the Chinese move, perhaps, into Korea or Southeast Asia? All things are possible, but it does not seem likely. If they felt they would gain by so moving, they would already have done so. They find their present types of intervention more within their means and preferences. By moving large units they become more vulnerable while appearing more formidable. Would they wish to initiate the destruction of Shanghai, Peking, Hankow? Or look at it this way. Suppose the Chinese Communists did have a nuclear stockpile and some sort of delivery system. Then surely they would feel a good deal freer than now to move massively into Korea, Southeast Asia, India or wherever. And they *will* have that stock-

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pile unless we destroy, now, the means of building it.

Can we be *certain*? Would there be *no* risk of general war? There must always be *some* risk; we never can be certain. In international struggle the issue always involves a *calculation* of risks. This much is sure: we are better off taking whatever risk there may be now, than the risk there will continuously be a few years from now if we allow China to get her nuclear armament. We would not judge a man either wise *or* moral if, discovering a small cancer, he declined to do anything about it, waiting until it was grown and extended before making up his mind whether there is any action to take.

A proposal such as we have here been considering is formidable enough to give pause to any man, no matter how complete his knowledge or how firm his convictions. We do not pretend to have answered every relevant doubt and question that may legitimately be raised. We are convinced at least of this: that this proposal deserves serious discussion by serious men.

Whither Now, GNP?

Economic forecasting (we'll cut you in on a secret) is not the exactest of sciences. Every year at about this time the daredevils of the profession utter their traditional wisdom, as follows: "Barring major unforeseeable problems, the first half of the coming year should be pretty good, but it's too early to tell about the second half."

As usual, the economists point with dubiety at this index or that. This year the scapegoats seem to be housing, which isn't growing fast enough; business inventories, which aren't accumulating fast enough; the chance of a steel strike; personal bankruptcies, which are growing much too fast (up 60 per cent in 1964); a slight decline in the "young-married" sector, resulting from depression-born pullbacks in the thirties. The official forecast is as stated above.

Strange to say, the official prophets seem to be ignoring the most important single factor in the economic outlook: the health of the currency. It is, in fact, highly likely that before the year 1965 has run its course the British pound will have staggered to a new low and been devalued; that the Congress will have taken some sort of action to reduce the silver content of our coinage; and that the gold reserve ratio of the Federal Reserve System will have been reduced. If these things come about, it seems certain that there will be, at the very least, a "crisis of confidence" affecting the two major Western currencies. This could lead, in turn, to a general liquidation of external and internal debt, yclept Depression. Will it come? None can say. Could it come? The stage is set.

But there is a greater danger. General liquidations tend to run their course quickly, and rejuvenation sets in as soon as prices have returned to some reasonable relation to resources. The danger is that the leaders of the Western countries will not allow this to happen, will instead intervene with the classically false nostrums of wage controls, price controls, currency controls, import controls, export subsidies, defensive tariffs, pump-priming, inflation, and so on. *That* kind of thing can go on for years in a sort of creeping stagnation, and is stopped by only one thing: a general public recognition that cash and savings are useless, followed by a flight from the currency (*die Flucht in die Sachwerte*), ending in the classic runaway inflation blowup.

The clue to what's ahead may lie in President Johnson's economic messages to the Congress this month. If he seems to be asking for a variety of "standby powers" such as controls, quotas, monetary reforms—it may mean that the time has come for prudent citizens to protect themselves.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

REPORT FROM VIETNAM
by Anthony Harrigan
A MAJORITY OF FIVE
by Colm Brogan
&
WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM
on
MAX EASTMAN

The Colonel Sends His Compliments

On December 23, eighth anniversary of the collapse of the Anglo-French Suez operation, UAR President Gamal Abdel Nasser, standing in Port Said, northern mouth of the Canal, with Soviet Deputy Premier Alexander N. Shelepin at his side, confirmed the bankruptcy of one more major segment of U.S. foreign policy.

Nasser is, we might very nearly say, an American invention. Among the group of colonels who overthrew King Farouk in 1952, Nasser had been picked by U.S. Intelligence as the white-haired boy. He was solidly backed by CIA in the factional struggle that got rid of Naguib and brought Nasser to the top two years later. John Foster Dulles bestowed his official American blessing along with the symbolic gift of an ivory-handled revolver. Out of temporary pique, because even then Nasser did not

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bother to hide his intrigues with Moscow, Dulles in 1956 canceled the planned U.S. loan for the Aswan High Dam. But a few weeks later, Dwight Eisenhower and Dulles—acting in close harmony with the Soviet Union—forced Britain and France to abandon their Suez expedition and thereby leave the Canal and the land bridge between Asia and Africa in Nasser's hands.

In the subsequent eight years the United States has supplied Nasser with a billion dollars in aid. In caloric terms, one-quarter of Egyptian food comes from American farms. In 1962, when Nasser's local stooge set up a revolutionary government in Yemen, Washington raced Moscow to see who could be first to grant diplomatic recognition; and Washington stood passively by while Egyptian troops took over that critically located nation. The United States is furnishing the largest part of the fund to save the Egyptian temple at Abu Simbel from inundation by the Aswan Dam project.

Six weeks ago a Belgo-American mission rescued two thousand of the hostages in the eastern Congo from certain and horrible slaughter by the savages there on rampage. Our protégé was displeased. He sent a mob into the streets of Cairo to sack the USIA's John F. Kennedy Library and smash the cars of our diplomats. In Soviet-supplied planes, he is dispatching arms and men south to support the savages. In the United Nations his representative joined those shouting insults at American "imperialist racist aggression." His warriors shot down the unarmed small plane of an American concern cruising peacefully on a routine business flight. Washington's answer was to extend Nasser a new $35 million credit for food for his hungry people.

But even the State Department was at this point mildly annoyed—or, if not annoyed, at least disturbed by what Congress might think. So Washington suggested that this new sum, unlike the others, was to be regarded as a genuine loan to be paid back in currency having actual value on the international market.

Nasser could scarcely believe his ears. His reply was the speech at Port Said. "Our policy," he declaimed to Shelepin, to the masses before him, and to the world, "is clear and we say it openly. We say that we sent arms to the Congolese people and we shall keep on sending arms to the Congo." If Americans don't like Egyptian behavior, "we do not want their money. They can go drink sea water. And if the Mediterranean is not big enough, we will give them the Red Sea to drink, too." Which is to say, in Egyptian slang, "If they don't like it, they can go to Hell."

To which place, having been given its orders, the Government of the United States will no doubt proceed to go.

The Many Faces of Good Faith

The legal requirement for collective bargaining to be conducted *"in good faith"* was the focal point—in labor's view—of the recently arbitrated disputes between General Electric and the IUE, and between Kohler and the UAW. And in both cases the National Labor Relations Board not only adopted labor's idea of what constitutes good faith, but did so in defiance of rights guaranteed by the First Amendment, and of sound legal practice.

In the contract dispute at General Electric, Trial Examiner Arthur Leff conceded these evidences of GE's proper bargaining: "1) The company was not seeking to 'get rid of the union.' 2) The Company was 'willing to enter into a collective bargaining agreement.' 3) The company did not initially present its offer on an avowed 'take it or leave it' basis, contrary to the assertion of the general counsel. 4) The company did not bargain directly with employees by seeking direct agreements with them. 5) The company's overall conduct at the bargaining table was in and of itself legal and constituted no bad faith. 6) The company's communications to employees were in and of themselves legal and constituted no bad faith."

Notwithstanding, Leff and later the Board found bad faith—in the company's communications to its employees describing its policy and the progress of the negotiations. By communicating with its employees, Leff ruled, GE had "locked itself into a position where it could not deviate significantly from its original offer without impairing the credibility with employees that it considered so basic to its employee relations and the success of its bargaining techniques." (N.B. items 3 and 6 above.) GE plans to appeal this outrageous bit of mindreading, interestingly enough, on the ground that its free speech has been infringed by the decision.

The new NLRB ruling against the Kohler Company, reversing its decision of 1960, reinstates all the employees the company fired for misconduct during the bitter (almost one thousand acts of violence by the UAW were recorded) Kohler strike ten years ago. In addition, Kohler was ordered to pay the strikers back wages dating to a District of Columbia Court of Appeals ruling two years ago that favored the UAW.

At issue was whether the UAW strike was of the "economic" or of the "unfair practice" variety, the latter being one in which the employer violates the National Labor Relations Act, in which case strikers are entitled to reinstatement. (The company is not obliged to take back "economic" strikers.) In 1960 the Board ruled that what had begun as an economic strike later became an unfair practices strike, and

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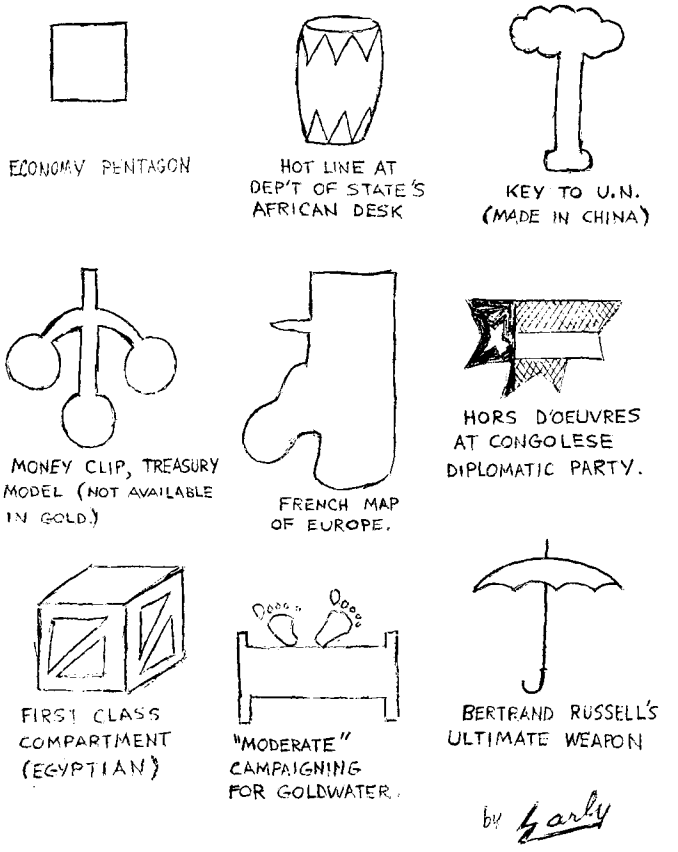
established a transition date—June 1, 1954. Strikers fired before that were "economic." To reverse itself in 1964, the Board reviewed Kohler's history of labor relations back to 1933 and asserted that management at Kohler had always displayed an intent not to bargain in good faith; so therefore, Kohler was acting in bad faith in 1954, the strike was an unfair practices strike, and the strikers were to be reinstated with back pay.

"The fact of the matter is," writes NYU law Prof. Sylvester Petro in *Barron's*, "that the Board in its 1960 decision confined itself to the actual record of the case. Contrariwise, in the 1964 decision, the Board, in order to find a basis for its decision that Kohler had refused to bargain in good faith prior to the strike, engaged in flights of fancy and adventures in name-calling."

Happy New Year!

- The President will present to Congress a balanced budget, which will require the Congress, around midyear, to authorize a very slight and temporary increase in the federal debt limit.
- A universal drought in the Communist bloc will cause the 48th crop failure since 1917.
- Senator Edward M. Kennedy will do more for Massachusetts. Senator Robert F. Kennedy will do more for 1968.
- The President of all the people will propose a tax cut, but the Congress of all the congressmen will reject the idea on the grounds that it is fiscal irresponsibility to cut taxes in a non-election year.
- The British Laborites will devalue the pound and be devalued in turn by the electorate. The Tories, on returning to power, will ratify the devaluation as an act of statesmanship that would have been imprudent during the 1964 election campaign.
- The Great Society will receive further definition through the reports of fifteen study groups appointed by the President. By midyear it will be apparent that the Great Society is a depressed area that is bounded approximately by the electoral district lines of incumbent Republicans whose re-election in 1966 may be forfended by the proper dosage of Democratic compassion.
- The dollar will be declared, loudly and often, to be every bit as good as gold; and its silver content will be reduced.
- Steadfastly refusing to subside into nothing but a debating society, the United Nations will outlaw debate in the General Assembly by acclamation, and declare a year of silent meditation, to be financed by extra assessments on those nations the Assembly denounced in the good old days when it had the vote.
- The University of California, after lengthy negotiation with the forces of freedom in Ipswich, Hackensack, and Fort Lauderdale, will open its campus to students and faculty in return for setting aside a small area for educational purposes.
- U.S. bombers having obliterated Peking's atomic reactors, the Nobel Peace Prize will be awarded to Mao Tse-tung.
- Along twenty fronts, on every continent, the terror and the wars will continue. The U.S. will proclaim a new grand strategy, summed up in the words of the President: "They Shall Not Pass The Pedernales."


ECONOMY PENTAGON
HOT LINE AT DEP'T OF STATE'S AFRICAN DESK
KEY TO U.N. (MADE IN CHINA)
MONEY CLIP, TREASURY MODEL (NOT AVAILABLE IN GOLD.)
FRENCH MAP OF EUROPE.
HORS D'OEUVRES AT CONGOLESE DIPLOMATIC PARTY.
FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT (EGYPTIAN)
"MODERATE" CAMPAIGNING FOR GOLDWATER.
BERTRAND RUSSELL'S ULTIMATE WEAPON
by Early

American Conservative Union

Two weeks ago, a group of American conservatives met in Washington to found a new organization, and did so. It is too early, the directors determined, to elaborate the organization's specific intentions. But generally, it hopes to concert pressure on the three branches of government—"to rub their noses in the Constitution of the United States," as someone put it. And—most importantly—to research deeply the conservative position on world affairs and furnish scholars and publicists with material useful for communication to the body politic.

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The central agency of the new ACU will be an assembly composed of not more than one hundred men, each a specialist in his field, who will contribute their knowledge and skills to the general endeavor. The Assembly divided into five permanent panels. The Committee of the Press elected John Chamberlain as its chairman. The Arts and Sciences Committee, John Dos Passos. The Domestic and Economic Policy Committee, John Davenport of *Fortune* Magazine. The Foreign and Military Policy Committee, Professor Stefan Possony of the Hoover Institute. And the Political Action Committee, William A. Rusher.

The panel chairmen are ex officio members of the ACU's Board of Directors, which also includes: Mr. Jameson Campaigne, editor of the *Indianapolis Star* (mistakenly identified in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW as the *Sun*), Mr. William Brady of the W. H. Brady Company of Milwaukee, Mr. Peter O'Donnell, Republican National Committeeman from Texas, Rep. John Ashbrook (R., Ohio), Mr. John Howard, President of Rockford College, Mr. Lammot Copeland Jr., publisher of the *San Fernando Valley Times,* Messrs. Frank Meyer and William Buckley of NATIONAL REVIEW, and Mr. L. Brent Bozell. The Chairman of the ACU is Mr. Donald Bruce, former congressman from Indiana, and the Executive Secretary is Mr. Robert Bauman, Chairman of the Young Americans for Freedom.

William McGovern, RIP

The following letter, whose sentiments the editors endorse, was written to us by Mr. John W. Kolbe:

"Readers of NATIONAL REVIEW will (or, in the case of those who had not encountered his keen mind, should) be grieved to learn of the death on December 12 of William Montgomery McGovern, Northwestern University's eminent professor of political science.

"An adventurer of the first water, Mr. McGovern was the first Westerner to venture into Tibet's forbidden capital (*To Lhasa in Disguise*), and subsequently led expeditions into the Amazon valley and Incan Peru. During World War II, he served the government, and acquired a knowledge of strategic intelligence and its relation to world politics which, to my knowledge, remains unsurpassed (*Strategic Intelligence and the Shape of Tomorrow*).

"He was a man of almost incredible learning (a lecture in political theory might range from vintage French wines to Plato's allegory), dedication to freedom (he risked his life on more than one occasion for his country), and an absolutely overwhelming personality (his lectures at Northwestern, usually held in one of the campus' largest lecture halls, were filled to overflowing ten minutes before the beginning of class). Behind a gruff and forbidding exterior he was a man of gentility and charm.

"Those of us fortunate enough to have encountered his vast knowledge and his perceptive mind which untwisted and unwound so many modern complexities for us, will miss him. All of us who treasure freedom and value education in the finest sense as the surest means of its extension, will feel his loss."

A. Derso, RIP

Mr. Derso, whose self-portrait appears below, has been the principal caricaturist of this journal since its inception in 1955. He came to us an old man who was once very famous, but whose health was now uncertain, and whose style was considered, by the fashion setters, a little old-fashioned. But he still had a jeweler's eye for faces and an incredible memory for them—"he ran around with a morgue of 10,000 faces in his head," Mr. Emery Kelen, a famous collaborator, commented to the *New York Times* in reminiscing about his partner, who had been especially prominent during the period he spent in Geneva drawing the figures that clustered about the League of Nations. Geneva's Café Bavaria, where the diplomats and journalists meet, is decorated largely by originals of Mr. Derso's famous paintings.

We shall greatly miss him as an artist. And greatly also as a shy, and gentle man, whose penury and illness never defeated him, or interfered with his courtly, yet diffident, manners. "What did you do before the First War?" an editor once asked him. He replied in English, in which he was greatly uncomfortable. "I leeved the life of a reech man's son," he answered resignedly. And when Mr. Kelen published his autobiography last year, in which Mr. Derso figured prominently, he presented a signed copy ceremoniously to the managing editor, who asked him, "Would you like me to review this book, Mr. Derso?" "Thaht, Madame," he giggled nervously, "wus my seecret deezire!"

We wish him peace of soul.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Poor House

► If anyone can make the anti-poverty program go, it would be Sargent Shriver, who is once again displaying his talents as a public relations man. Shriver has got his poor corps quartered in the old Colonial Hotel, a dilapidated boarding-house-style relic set right in the middle of northwest Washington, where every congressional watchdog, reporter and tourist can fully appreciate the sacrifice he and his troops are making. It is a good show: the elevators don't work, the carpets are torn up, shower stalls are filled with records and books, some lower echelon executives even work in the johns. And the first bright-eyed idealist you see will say —and I quote him verbatim—"our people don't mind this. They are really dedicated to the program and the working conditions are a minor consideration. They aren't a bunch of do-gooders, they just believe in what they're doing."

The atmosphere is one of frenetic activity, as if the corps hopes to wipe out poverty by Inauguration Day, then move on to pestilence or war. What shatters the illusion is the construction down the street of a huge poverty headquarters, which gives every appearance of being a permanent fixture.

The poverty brigade is little more than a poorly contrived consolidation of existing social service programs and an updated version of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The budget of $700 million will scarcely suffice to engage poverty in a minor skirmish, let alone extract from it an unconditional surrender. And Shriver has had trouble staffing the operation. He now has a reasonably sound Washington-based crew of three hundred, but has yet to find a suitable man for deputy director (the job originally designed for Pentagon whiz kid Adam Yarmolinsky, who was sacrificed to Southern Democrats during the tortuous legislative battle). Today, after a full year of preparation, the anti-poverty program is still struggling to get to its feet, with the President grumbling at its unsteadiness, and the Departments of Labor and HEW sniping at its prerogatives. Only Shriver's charisma can pull it through.

The Backgrounder

► President Lyndon Johnson's relations with the press, more often than not over the past thirteen months, have been more than congenial. He brought with him to the White House the many friends he had made among the press corps during his years in Congress. And he seemed to have inherited the loyalties of the White House correspondents so assiduously cultivated by his predecessor. Now, however, a few weeks before LBJ's own Inauguration, the first signs of deterioration appear.

Last week stories appeared simultaneously in four metropolitan dailies, all of which presumed to assess the President's frame of mind as he approached the beginning of his first term: the *New York Times* said he was "determined to avoid high pressure tactics"; the *Chicago Sun-Times* felt he would go along with the "old song, that 'slow but sure's the safest gait, and all things come to those who wait' "; the *Washington Post* detected a "mood of cautious responsibility"; and the *Baltimore Sun* pronounced him committed to the theory that "more flies can be caught with honey than with vinegar." Clearly, the stories' common denominator excluded coincidence; and sure enough, the Associated Press promptly revealed that they were all accounts of the same deskside chat with the President (there had been only eight reporters present: two from one newspaper, two from one syndicate, two employees of the same publisher and two others. The AP and other news bureaus of high standing had been barred). Administration apologists, a bit touchy, quickly responded that the late John Kennedy had made the "backgrounder" general practice; several accounts noted that the technique had first been developed by Woodrow Wilson. The AP and others shot back that the backgrounder had supplemented JFK's open and fairly regular press conferences.

Why?

► Reporters are free to ask any question at all at the backgrounder, with the understanding that no answers may be attributed directly to the President. From the President's point of view, these encounters serve three purposes: 1) he can launch a trial balloon to test public acceptance of a new program or policy; 2) he can inform the public of an Administration decision without taking personal responsibility; and 3) he can continuously remind the press of the superhuman demands of the office, in the hope that it will adopt a sympathetic attitude toward his performance. The third purpose is usually pre-served by selecting only those reporters who have shown "cooperative" dispositions.

Who, Me?

► Invariably, there is one result of the backgrounder: it arouses resentment among the uninviteds. And, on occasion, even among the inviteds. Reporters in the President's entourage remember with distaste the press conference held in the early morning hours of November 4, just after computers had confirmed LBJ's landslide victory. The President chastised the press for "speculating" on matters of the greatest concern to the national interest, mentioning specifically the adventuristic accounts of a new strategy for the war in Vietnam. The reporters who filed these stories had not been speculating; they had heard it straight from the horse's mouth at a backgrounder. And now they were being asked publicly to admit that they had been indulging their political fancies. They did so, but sourly. Such antics may signal the beginning of the end of the honeymoon. **—CATO**

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On the Right

Senator Goldwater and the Backbiters

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The cocks will crow, and that is to be expected; so let them go ahead and do so, as they will, full-throatedly, in the months and years ahead, about what a disaster Barry Goldwater was to his cause, his party, his country, the world, the United Nations, and the Milky Way. It is, as I say, to be expected that the Democrats, and the Republicans who denied him their support, should behave as they now behave towards Goldwater, swilling in I-told-you-so's, anxious to make the point for all posterity that the Republican Party has only again to breach good common sense and nominate another conservative, in order to invite another catastrophe. *Tant pis,* as they say in gay Paree.

Buckley

But something else is happening, here and there in conservative circles, which strains justice to the breaking point. Last week a Washington newspaper carried the report of an anonymous individual highly placed, or so the story reported, in the new, and thus far mostly confidential American Conservative Union, as follows: "In the 1964 elections, the source said, the electorate had a choice not between conservative and liberal thought, 'but between Cornpone and ineptness.' He made it clear that he was referring to President Johnson and Senator Goldwater, respectively. The source, who would not permit use of his name, voiced confidence that his personal assessments correspond closely with those of many ACU directors and backers."

Now I happen myself to be one of the ACU's directors and backers, and am well acquainted with most others of them, and the fact of it is that this is not by any means the prevailing view of the candidacy of Senator Goldwater during 1964. Every conservative will gladly tell you wherein the Senator failed, which however in order to be properly understood must be translated into the statement: If I had been running, I'd have done so-and-so: which in turn invites the question, Dear Sir, why don't you run next time? Or, if one is disposed to meanness, the question: Dear Sir, why did you not bag the nomination for yourself this last time? It is of course preposterous to suggest that Senator Goldwater made no mistakes. Everyone makes mistakes. It is not, however, easy to find two conservatives who will agree on what those mistakes were. One man will tell you his acceptance speech at San Francisco was too unyielding. Another will tell you that his fatal mistake was to have yielded to the moderates at the summit conference at Gettysburg. One will say that he failed to conduct himself so as to attract the intellectuals. Another will tell you that he failed to conduct himself so as to reach through to the people. One will tell you his foreign policy statements were too bellicose and erratic. Another, that he did not, in his foreign policy statements, take a line consistent enough in its hardness. He was, you will hear, too dogmatic in his anti-statist views, *e.g.*, his original stand in favor of a voluntary social security program. On the contrary, someone else will assure you, he failed to bring principle evenly to bear on every aspect of state welfarism . . .

The Senator, in my judgment, fought a good fight. I do not for a moment believe he could have wrested victory from so hostile a *Zeitgeist,* not even if he had waged a campaign no one could have faulted. "In 1968," the anonymous observer told the reporter, "the ideal conservative candidate for the GOP Presidential nomination would have 'the intellectual depth of Adlai Stevenson, the flair of John F. Kennedy and the political savvy of Lyndon Johnson.'" An absolutely spiffing idea. "He was," the reporter commented, "unable to name anyone who combined such attributes."

Anti-Goldwaterism, to the extent it exists on the Right, is an unhappy development on two counts. To begin with, it is a form of self-delusion, of which the generic statement is the cliché that poor workmen blame their tools. So very many conservatives were weaned on the delusion that we had only to nominate a sure-enough conservative to ensure a national landslide, that they cannot now look defeat in the face as indicating what in fact it is: that the majority of the American people do not, at the present time, desire a hard conservative as President of the United States. There is no doubt that Lyndon Johnson is a splendid politician, and that Senator Goldwater is a far worse one (which endears him to at least this voter). But if Senator Goldwater were as good a politician as Lyndon Johnson is said by his most extravagant admirers to be, and if Lyndon Johnson were as poor a politician as Senator Goldwater's most adamant critics insist he is, I do not believe the vote in November would have been substantially different. Whatever the political capacities of the two gentlemen, there *was* indeed a choice, and not merely between cornpone and ineptness (anyway, why should one prefer a cornpone to an ineptitude?); and the conservative was repudiated for reasons that reach far beyond the personalities, or the skills, of the two principals. Unless conservatives realize that massive public education must precede any hope of a Presidential victory, they will never have a President they can call their own. This conservative backed Senator Goldwater for the Presidency not because I ever thought he would win the election, but because I believed, and continue to believe I was correct in believing, that his nomination would do much to crystallize the conservative position in national affairs.

And the second injustice is not to the facts of the American political situation but to the man. Senator Goldwater deeply desired not to run for the Presidency. He did not wish to run a) because he doubted he would do well on Election Day, and

(Continued on p. 35)

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Towards a Theology of Survival

Has coexistence become the orthodoxy of the West? asks the author. Are we prepared to make peace with the barbarians?

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Our aging civilization, hurried on by the angel of death, seems bent upon holocaust and oblivion. The full meaning of November 3, 1964, may never be known to us on this side of history but one ominous truth, a fixed and awful face, is glaring down upon the West and we would be fools were we to fail to look and see what is written there for us to read. The West, sickened in comfort and diseased in doubt, has unleashed its sword and is about to hand it over to the enemy, blade in palm and hilt outstretched. We have lost faith in the power of justice to conquer evil and we are thus disposed to make our peace with barbarism. I can see no other meaning to the politics of co-existence and to the banner of cowardice upon which are written the words, "peace and prosperity."

I gravely doubt that many of the apostles of co-existence are convinced of any supposed superiority of Marxist civilization over our own. But despite their adherence to some of the broad principles which have made our world to be what it is, these men have despaired of victory because they think the price is too high to pay. This heresy which has today become the new orthodoxy within the free world is akin to pacifism but cannot be reduced to the simplicity of its tenets. Principled pacifism opposes armed resistance to the enemy under all forms and therefore refuses to fight even when victory is assured. The philosophers of co-existence will fight, but only provided that there is an overwhelming chance of winning and of winning without appreciable damage to oneself. These men pronounce, effectively, in favor of any kind of battle except that waged with risk. Today they are convinced that the West has passed the point where it could possibly have won its war with Communism without paying a price which would cancel out the fruits of victory. They believe that any war would involve the destruction of both parties. Thinking, as they do, that this consideration might not deter the enemy under certain circumstances which might emerge at any moment, they appeal to the West to surrender whenever its sovereignty is seriously challenged. The Communist enemy is insane, according to this doctrine, and we must simply accept this fact as a dictate of history. We enter into a pact with insanity. We retreat whenever and wherever the enemy forces us to do so. We run down the flags that hitherto governed the political behavior of civilized men.

Co-existence Is Despair

I suggest that underlying the politics of co-existence is a kind of despair: we cannot win our war, hot or cold, with the Marxist world and therefore we must cease trying to win! Buttressing this despair is a philosophical prejudice which I believe to be false: *i.e.*, success is the ultimate end of politics and if the supposed superiority and virtue incarnated in Western civilization are not sufficient to conquer *in and of themselves*, then we must realistically accept the consequences. This is the meaning of the slogan: "peaceful competition with the Communist bloc." But if the enemy still advances despite all of our "peaceful competition" (and the enemy *is* advancing!) then the enemy must be permitted the fruits of *his* victory in the war we refused to wage. Duty ceases to be a mandate of the conscience at the moment when its exercise no longer carries with it a high probability of success at a minimum of risk. Let me hasten to add that I am by no means as pessimistic as the disciples of co-existence. But even assuming that victory would be bought only at a great price or that victory would be impossible, would we thereby be absolved of our duty to defend our civilization?

It is this question which divides a purely classical or pagan conception of politics from a Christian vision of existence. To the Greeks and Romans, political victory belonged to the power of human virtue or to the irrational goddesses of Fate and Fortune. To Saint Augustine, political victory belonged to the Will of God. The classical concept of virtue, along with the civilization which virtue was supposed to incarnate, was handled roughly by Augustine in *The City of God*. Virtue, simply one among all the other gifts that God's mercy has given to men, does not guarantee political success any more than vice guarantees failure.

Once one accepts the Christian conception of a Providence that cuts through the conventional opposition between a natural intelligibility (*i.e.*, the victory of virtue) and the unintelligibility of evil (*i.e.*, the victory of political barbarism), then a philosophy of history becomes possible. *Ex post facto*, we can see the Hand of God moving through the action of the virtuous but we can also see His hand moving through the powers of darkness because they too work, in their own way, towards God's ultimate plan for history. They also are under the Divine Government. The God of St. Augustine is truly the Lord of history.

In an orthodox context, God is neither the same as the world and its causes nor is He totally other than the world in its coming and going. God falls outside of—better yet, He cuts through the entire dialectic between "The Same" and "The Other" which are themselves finite terms. God does not destroy the mystery of political decency frustrated nor does He dissolve its trag-

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edy and bitterness. What was meaningless for the pagan remains so for the Christian who knows, however, that there is here a sign wrapped within a Providence he cannot see or know perfectly in this life. The Greek and Roman complaint against evil rampant in the world, against the success that is often attendant upon the forces of barbarism that forever encircle civilization, was a complaint against what is truly a surd in reality. This surd, when seen in the framework of a created universe utterly penetrated by its Creator, becomes part of the inscrutability of Divine Providence. And God Himself subjected His Son to this terrible meaninglessness when Christ was crucified upon the Cross.

The Augustinian Theology

The political consequences are inevitable. Should some polity come to ruin because swamped under a barbarian sea despite the good found within the polity in question, this failure will have been decreed by the Will of God for purposes known fully only to Himself. Such a polity is under the curse of sin and the scandal of the Cross. The final resolution of this awful mystery belongs to God. The Augustinian theology gives comfort to the good man with his back to the wall, to the Quixotes of our tradition. Let them take comfort in the face of the scandal of their enemies enjoying the fruits of this world, even amidst all the contradictions of life itself.

This theology of Saint Augustine is also a theology of history. Whereas the commonweal of a society annealed in virtue might very well be frustrated by the forces of darkness and irrationality, this frustration actually would serve an end which is infinitely higher, according to Christianity. The civilization, therefore, that does its duty by the heritage of justice that it enshrines must harden itself in hope, in the words of St. John. The civilized polity must do all that it can to secure success and the perpetuation of its legacy in the future. But should civility go down, it must not despair in the hour of its defeat. Such a failure would have been written into creation for ends known only to the God of history, a failure made bearable because the Cross teaches men that even God Himself took upon His back the contradictions of human existence. Does not Chesterton teach us that only Christianity has seen fit to invest God with the attribute of courage?

It follows that the ultimate ends of politics must not be measured by a success supposedly guaranteed by the power of a virtuous life exercised corporately by the many. A virtuous life and a good polity are demanded as imperatives that issue forth from human nature itself. This has nothing to do with failure or success in any worldly sense of the term. There was a valid excuse for our pagan forefathers of Rome to balk at the scandal of barbarism on the march, of civilization at bay. This absurdity troubled their spirit because they knew nothing higher than human virtue and they had supposed, in all the arrogance that a purely human virtue breeds, that their own excellence ought to have been sufficient unto itself in the battle against evil. But our world has behind it the experience of two thousand years of Christianity. We ought to know that the victory of our arms belongs to the God of Battles.

This principle must be understood with all the delicacy involved in political speculation and action. The principle does not urge us to abandon astuteness when we treat with the enemies of civilization, be they the Turks before Vienna in the sixteenth century or the Russians in Berlin in the twentieth. The principle does not insist that we hurl all our troops and all of our resources into the breach in a desperate cavalry charge against barbarism, although the principle does not discount this possibility. The principle does not goad us into a politics of international suicide. The principle does not countermand the subtlety and even the deviousness demanded in the actual practice of the arts of diplomacy. It rather commends all of these things and presses them upon us in the name of political prudence. But the principle does insist that these arts be seen for what they are, techniques in the service of something deeper than themselves: the preservation and the enhancement of civilization *and therefore the ultimate destruction of civilization's enemy.* Should the arts of diplomacy convert themselves into a general foreign policy whose very end is the perpetuation of the enemy in existence, then politics would have renounced its own proper finality, a *common* good shared by all of us and not simply by those who have thus far escaped falling under the heel of slavery. Foreign policy in the West today has settled upon co-existence as an end to be achieved, as a good to be gained. This is certainly the meaning of November 3, 1964. Co-existence has thus ceased to be a temporary stratagem to be tolerated and exploited (assuming that it ever could have been exploited by the West). The entire Western world, with some honorable exceptions, rejoiced when President Johnson returned to the White House. The world rejoiced because the powers of irrationality have proven too strong for us. Foreign policy is thus entering into a pact with the enemy just as many Roman emperors in the centuries of decline, despairing of ultimate victory over barbarism, threw themselves into the arms of oriental superstitions in the hope of saving some shadow of civility from the surrounding doom.

Seductive Myths

Political irrationality is always symbolized in terms which appeal to the imagination and thus soothe the outrages suffered by reason itself. In late Roman times, the irrational was often symbolized by the stars. Let the stars save us because we cannot save ourselves! In our times the symbolization of the irrational takes form under the cloak of gnostic dreaming about a total elimination of poverty from the face of the earth. It seduces by its myths of historical determinism and inevitability. It confuses means with ends and thus proposes "anti-colonialism" and "anti-imperialism" and "democracy" and similar nostrums as though these political instruments were in truth *ends* worthy

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of rational consideration. The West has seized upon this rosary beaded by the hands of secular humanism because the West today has lost the courage to face up to the only political end which can really interest any decent man in the second half of the twentieth century: the business of beating Communism or getting beaten at the try.

We began this brief meditation because the heresy of co-existence is becoming a new orthodoxy. These heretics believe that unless we keep on surrendering whenever we are challenged, an atomic conflict is inevitable. This conflict, they say, will bring with it a destruction of our whole civilization as well as that of our enemies. Since such a condition would render human life intolerable, since it would reduce a debased remnant of the race to the status of cavemen grubbing for a living on the crust of a ravaged planet, we men of the West must give up our hopes of reconquest, not only in Poland and Hungary but even in Cuba. We give up reconquest as a goal although we know that Communism will never give up conquest as *its* goal. This doctrine is preached openly by Lord Russell and his hysterical followers in a decayed England and elsewhere; but Russell's call to an open and candid surrender only masks a more profound and subtle despair circling throughout the entire occidental world today, working carefully and quietly, always moderately, towards the same end. Conscious in the minds of some men who do not as yet tip their hand openly, the doctrine is the preconscious conviction of millions who have despaired of victory.

Arguments for Surrender

This teaching urges itself upon us in a dozen ways: it insists that we always retire, whether it be in Hungary yesterday or in Vietnam today; it demands that we concede to them, whether it be in Korea yesterday or in Cuba today. It always advances speciously convincing arguments for every concession and it can always demonstrate, to the satisfaction of its own followers and even of others as well, that such and such a retreat is demanded by world opinion and counseled by moderation. It points to the reluctance of the Kremlin to engage us in a world conflict as an instance of an easing of old tensions and of the birth of a new world in which the concepts of cold as well as hot war will have no place. It brushes aside China's brand-new bomb with the pious hope that "political responsibility" can be urged upon the Dragon of the East. In Europe, the heresy of co-existence dominates the mind and the nerve of England and of the whole Continent as well, excepting only some pockets of resistance. Today its apostle in the United States is Senator Fulbright.

Little by Little

Against every stiffening of opposition, the heresy raises the specter of atomic war. Against every spontaneous reaction to Communist brutality and tyranny, it raises the cry of chauvinism. Co-existentialism would never dream of surrendering the West all at once to the enemy: it does so little by little, hoping thereby to soften the harshness of the new world being prepared for us and for our children. The doctrine is thus spared the embarrassment of preaching surrender openly and crudely to a world still penetrated heavily by Christian morality. The heresy dominates the press wherein it finds some of its loftiest oracles. It occupies government. It is the new orthodoxy of an intellectuality purged of hope and altogether without chivalry. It is the yellow banner of the academy and the arts.

Survival and Dishonor

Were we to unfold the presuppositions lying behind this flag of defeat, we would find the same fears that worked towards the weakening of the Roman Empire. *They* — the Communist enemies — will never lay down their arms nor give up their dreams of world conquest because they are crazy with conviction—a very unhealthy state of mind. *We* live in a better world and enjoy a more humane society than they do, but we know that there is no ultimate meaning to life, that our centuries of blood spent in the name of religion and liberty have yielded nothing dearer to us than the comfort and ease that we enjoy today. We like this comfort and ask only that it be expanded and shared by the rest of the world. If we yield constantly to the enemy and even surrender to him completely when he demands that we do so, we may well be permitted the continuous exercise of our pleasures and our complacency. At the very least we will not die—right away, that is—and thus cease to be. Possibly we might even teach our barbarian conquerors the manners of civilization if not the morals in which we do not believe anyhow. In any event, we survive.

Saint Augustine and the Christian Tradition say something else. This Tradition, formed as it is of swords which flash down the ages touching one another in comradeship, tells us that ultimate survival of this our beloved civilization is hidden in the Wisdom and the Will of God. He has not entrusted us with the destiny of history, but only with the duty of making it. Our fathers wrought the City of Man out of the catalyst of time. They fenced this City all around and they set up sentinels and to each they gave a sword. They ordered us to defend the City, and it were better for the whole cosmos to go up in flames, unto the very last star and the most remote moon, burnt out—the whole of existence scorched and reduced to a cinder blown away into the awful wastes of the void—than that dishonor should unfold the banner of Hell within our walls.

At Mid-Century

Three wise men sat in council (and no cows
nor horses, but their plenty asses sat)
at Geneva, because the hotels were fat
and plush and accommodating, and the vows
of unswerving peace ran heavy in their veins;
three wise men sat and paid homage to that
far-reaching fabulous ideal (here doff your hat)
that Man is God, and born so of his brains.
If God, he must have heaven here and now;
but by some quirk, the work had got a rat
into it and there seemed a diehard stain
of manhood still. So, ignorant of how
in Bethlehem a stable was whereat
man could be God, they sat and were humane.

GEARY BLANKENSHIP

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The Third World War

Why Do We Take It?

JAMES BURNHAM

In many spots about the world we are in bad trouble no matter what we do. Southeast Asia is the prime example of the moment. The alternatives there are few and simple, but they are all appalling. Whether we get out, go in all the way, or continue to try somehow to hang on, there is lots of unhappiness ahead. So also in central and southern Africa: some courses of action look worse than others, but all are plenty bad. So it is, too, in relation to Cyprus, Egypt, Indonesia and Cuba.

But there is one foreign part where our troubles do not arise out of unavoidable features of the situation in which we find ourselves, but are self-imposed and unnecessary; where they could be ended in an hour.

Why in the name of minimal common sense does our government allow itself to be denounced, vilified and lied about day after day in the halls of the United Nations by a mob of terrorists, savages, revolutionaries, bankrupts, demagogues, voluptuaries and half-educated opportunists masquerading as representatives of newborn sovereign nations? Proceedings in the UN long ago left traditional diplomatic bounds. In the Congo debate over the past month they passed beyond the last limits of sanity.

It would be preposterous enough if the declamations of these political grotesques were true and justified. Even in that case a great nation, upholding world-wide responsibilities, guarding in our day, moreover, the awful weight of nuclear arms, does not permit itself to be judged, much less condemned, by irresponsible upstarts. In the present instance the absurdity is total: not only are the blatherings about Congolese "rebellion" and Belgo-American "intervention" entirely false; not only is the defense of the cannibals morally infamous; but simultaneously with their words, the governments of the leading defamers are pushing ahead their own Congo interventions with the open intent of destroying its legal government.

Adlai Stevenson, as our ambassador, has listened patiently and replied not only with the facts but with an unaccustomed firmness. But it is an error that he should have replied at all: to reply implies their right to question. Ambassador Stevenson should not have replied; he should not have listened. Allen Drury's *A Shade of Difference* is proving quickly prophetic. Soon enough Mr. Stevenson will be replying to UN comments—and votes—on Mississippi, Dallas and New York, and the old and new canals. (Already the UN Special Committee has listed Puerto Rico under its jurisdiction.)

Face and Revolution

It is not just a matter of saving face—though in international relations face is sufficiently important to be worth saving. This rhetorical avalanche of the past month, shrewdly exploited by the Communists and their revolutionary allies, is a large-scale battle in the struggle for the world—in the war to destroy our nation and civilization. The rhetoric in the UN chambers triggered the mobs that sacked our installations in a dozen capitals. It envigorated the Vietcong in Southeast Asia. It reinforced the belief of the subjects of Communist nations that the West and its leading power are finished. Everywhere—in our own country also—it disheartened our friends and roused our enemies.

But why, I repeat, do we indulge these small-time demagogues in their UN orgies? It is self-evident that the little pseudo-nations need the UN, and need us in the UN, infinitely more than we need the UN, or them in the UN. Whatever advantages we as a nation get from UN membership—they are not many on the most sanguine account—we could manage to stagger along without it; and we could most certainly handle our several relations with the pseudo-nations at least as well outside the UN as inside. But without the UN, the pseudo-nations wouldn't even exist; without us in the UN, there would be no one to pay the bills, and the UN wouldn't amount to a damn.

Beginning to Bore

The attitude of spokesmen of the greatest power toward the representatives of the pseudo-nations should be, one might suppose: you are here in the general world political organization, and on our soil, on trial and sufferance, so that you may learn the ways of diplomacy and civilized political life, and may aid your own people to transform themselves, some day, into ordered and civilized communities. If you do not choose to accept such conditions for your sojourn, my government will no longer find any interest in further discourse with you, in underwriting your abuses of the general organization, or in subsidizing the mansions, swimming pools, limousines, champagne and women that you seem to find indispensable to your political education.

In short: if you insist on playing it the way you've been doing in this Stanleyville round, it's no dice; we pull out. If you want the UN for a playground, you're welcome to it; take it and have fun.

We would be doing the African nations themselves the best of turns if we brought their high-flying UN acrobats up short. The *New Republic's* UN correspondent—enthusiast alike for the UN and for African nationalism—wrote a paragraph (Dec. 26) that deserves pondering from Accra to Nairobi: "What is now going on in the UN skyscraper is a tragedy for Africa. A well-informed East European expressed it in these words: 'In the foreign offices in Paris, Moscow, Prague, Rome and Warsaw, officials are tired of Africa, of the money which is spent there without visible results, of the chaos, of the promises which have been broken. Every white power, Communist or capitalist, is re-examining its policy, re-examining it in the sense of reducing commitments, reducing aid. The white world is losing interest in Africa.'"

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Adventures of a Test Taker

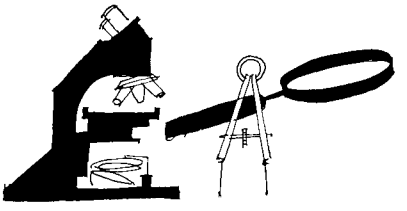
When Miss Zola refused to expatiate on the sex life of her parents, among other things, the doctors found that exceedingly odd and ordered her forthwith discharged

JOAN ZOLA

Do you like *Alice in Wonderland*? Do you believe in the second coming of Christ? These questions and hundreds like them, familiar to any freshman student who has worked with "personality tests," are being asked of prospective employees by certain federal agencies in Washington. Although the use of such tests is not yet as widespread in government as in private industry, it appears to be on the increase. It therefore behooves anyone who would enter our federal service to develop a psyche as normal, unrepressed, and cooperative as though it had sprung, full-blooming, from the forehead of Freud. The following is an account of the losing battle fought by one hopeful job applicant with an agency employing psychological techniques in filling its positions.

I applied for a position with the Agency, one of the largest in Washington, because it offered both the type of work and opportunity for foreign assignment which interested me, and for which I felt I was qualified by virtue of my academic training, knowledge of foreign languages, and experience gained from living and working abroad. After umpteen interviews, security checks, and tests designed to assess the various skills required for the job, I was given a medical examination which included psychological testing. The latter involved sitting several of us applicants in front of a battery of tests, including the well-known MMPI, which asks the questions cited at the beginning of this article. It seems to bother the psychiatric staff not at all that, as Martin Gross has pointed out in his excellent study *The Brain Watchers*, most of the tests they are using are now considered by experts in the field as utterly unreliable. However, having studied in college psych courses most of the tests I was faced with, I proceeded to give the "right" answers to the probing questions. I was still sufficiently interested in the job to put up with the impertinent questions about my morals, sex life, and attitude toward God, especially since I was reasonably well-armed against them. The last "test" was composed of a series of questions, each followed by an optimistically large space for essay-type answers. Having ascertained that they wanted details about my parents' private lives, my moral convictions, sex life (again), etc., I wrote a few one-sentence answers such as "My mother is a good mother," left the rest blank, and closed the book.

What dismayed me most was that my fellow applicants were undaunted by the Agency's demand to know



what their mothers thought of their fathers. Far from refusing to betray their parents' privacy, they covered all available space with their soul-searching answers. They wrote in the margins. They asked for extra paper. My hope that they were writing fiction with which to convince the brain-watchers of their normalcy, was dashed by their comments to each other during the "test." "I'm having a hard time expressing how I feel about God," one boy said, sincerely, "I think I'm an atheist, but it's not settled for me." My question as to whether he thought the Agency had the right to know how he felt about God drew a blank stare. The question is simply not posed in their minds. They were doubtless already conditioned, as are so many young Americans, to react to a questionnaire by spewing forth, "sincerely," the called-for details of their personal lives. Or perhaps they took seriously the statement printed on the face of each test booklet, that the information is required because "the doctor wants to help you."

Makebelieve Romance

This ordeal over, we each had a brief interview with the doctor, I clutching my blank test booklet. When asked why I had not answered most of the questions, I replied that I considered such matters to be none of the Agency's business since they dealt neither with my qualifications, nor with my loyalty, nor did they have any particular bearing on my moral character. The interview consisted mainly of long silences, punctuated by such remarks from the doctor as, "I see you're a Catholic. Do you ever hear voices, see visions?" He also wondered how I squared my moral principles with my sex drive, and how I fared romantically. To please him, I made up a romance which I placed, romantically, in Paris. It was tender, passionate, and a bit tragic, and by the time I finished I almost wished it had happened. The doctor sent me back to Personnel.

Several weeks later I was informed, somewhat to my surprise, that I had the job. The Agency flew me from my home in California to Washington, where I met my instructors and was ready to start training. Suddenly an ominous message came from the medical section: she didn't answer *all* the questions. Exasperated, I informed Personnel that if the job depended on answering questions which I considered offensive, I did not want the job. Personnel, which, it turned out, carries on a running battle with the psychiatrists to keep its qualified applicants, implied that I was sufficiently "in" to weather the storm

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and sent me off for a chat with another brain-watcher. Finding even less meeting of minds than the first doctor, this one retaliated with two fun-packed days of tests. Some of them I was sufficiently familiar with or could figure out well enough to give the right answers. But eventually they wore me down to the point where, asked what the most important thing in life is, I ignored the psychologically sounder answers of sex, money, and friendliness, and wrote out of spite, "Saving One's Soul." Then I knew I was lost. My complete lack of ability to draw elicited the doctor's plonking comment, "Hm. Difficulty depicting human beings, eh?" (It has been demonstrated, as Martin Gross again points out, that psychiatrists faced with drawings by artistically talented psychotics tend to classify them as normal, and normal people who can't draw as psychotics.) He also stumped me with the ink blot test. I was unfamiliar with it, due to some inexplicable oversight on the part of my college psych prof, for which I shall never forgive him. Being afraid to say what I really saw, I decided to stick with the story that each blob was a bug. (I learned later that this is Very Bad. Try not to see bugs, or if you must, see lots of other things as well.) I still refused to answer the questions which I had previously found objectionable.

One-Up

This over, I saw still a third doctor, head of the department. We went through it all again: did I understand why they were doing this; what did I mean, the tests gave phony results, blah, blah. The doctor's voice rose steadily and at last he fairly shouted, so help me, *"Would you have any respect for us if we let you get away with this?"* Well, after the ink blobs and the drawing lesson I knew I wouldn't get away with it, but at least I had the satisfaction of making a psychiatrist lose his temper. If you can do that, you're one-up. (Of course, he had good reason. Where would be the power, the high salaries, the lavish budget of his department if people could be hired without making use of all those doctors, all those tests, all those couches?)

Personnel was sympathetic, told me I should have lied cooperatively like everybody else, and persisted in trying to hire me. They and I thought I would do a good job, but then as it turned out from the psychiatrists' reports, we really didn't know me very well. When word came that I was Unacceptable, everybody was very decent about it. They kept me on the payroll for two months, offered to fly me home to California if I wanted to go, found me another job when I decided to stay in Washington. (The amount of money the whole thing cost the taxpayers pains one, but wasn't it worth it to have preserved the image of a well-adjusted Agency, free from surly dissidents harping on privacy?)

On my way Out, through numerous bureaucratic checkpoints, I was regaled with stories of similar clashes with the medical department. A secretary, for example, let it slip that she was interested in taking math courses in night school. She was called back and cross-examined as to why she wanted to be a man. (How could you be interested in a "masculine" subject like math and still be a properly adjusted female?) I was shown a large stack of personnel folders on people on their way Out of the Agency. The officer in charge of processing them remarked bitterly that the majority of these employees were leaving because of the psychiatrists' reports.

There is, of course, no agreement on whether the unfortunate people thus rooted out represent the wheat or the chaff. It is a fact that the testing department is firmly entrenched in the Agency and wields a tremendous amount of power. The strongest defense I found of the procedures used, even from the highly placed officials to whom I took my case, was that they hoped they were doing the right thing. They all stated that they knew nothing of psychology and were therefore unable to pass judgment on the validity of the testing; only the doctors could do that. It is self-evident that, if the psychiatrists are to be the judges of their own work, their right to continued and probably expanded status, budget, and power cannot be questioned. Nevertheless, it must be questioned. Psychological testing practiced by the Federal Government on its present and future employees, and the resultant collection of voluminous files on their intimate lives, would seem to represent at least as much of a threat to the privacy of the individual as the use of such methods by business firms.

Security Risks

The argument that the sensitive nature of many federal jobs requires such probing to weed out potential security risks is relatively valid only if one accepts two premises. The first is a deterministic concept of man, which assumes that if sufficient data is learned about an individual's childhood, family background, sex life, etc., his actions may be reliably predicted. This is unacceptable to anyone who views man as more than a conditioned animal, since the tests completely ignore moral character and will, concentrating only on the subject's subconscious and on his attitude to himself. A man may pass every possible test of mental and emotional normalcy, and yet betray his country through weakness of character and desire for gain, or through conviction that Communism, for example, is a greater good for humanity. Unless one is willing to posit *a priori* that every Communist or potential defector is neurotic and hence may be spotted during personality testing, I cannot see that such methods can be justified as necessary to security. From a security standpoint, it would seem to be more relevant to scrutinize the subject's character through contact with people who have known him thoroughly, placing him in situations designed to test his loyalty and judgment, etc. There are still people in the Agency who successfully pass the psychiatric screening, only to become mediocre employees, develop neuroses, or crack

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (December 29)

Schreiber

BOBBY BAKER AFFAIR

Doesn't it contribute to public cynicism, to public lack of faith, when the secretary to the Senate majority permits his name to appear on corporate records as secretary and director of a corporation owned by a lobbyist?

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under the strain of a difficult foreign assignment. To which the psychiatrist replies that, in such cases, he did not have enough information to predict accurately; given more time, more tests, he would have been able to tell.

But he will have to do better than he has so far done to justify his methods. It can be safely assumed that there will always be something he does not know about a given person, which can serve as his excuse for not accomplishing what he tells us he is doing.

Are the Tests Reliable?

The second premise one must accept is the reliability of the tests. As many of them are based on work done with mental patients, it has been seriously questioned whether they are capable of giving any undistorted information at all about a non-psychotic person taking them. Others are based on such restrictive norms as to make them valueless for studies of people outside that narrow frame of reference. To elevate such highly questionable techniques to the status of final arbiter of hiring and firing of federal employees seems dubious at best, foolish and dangerous at worst.

The basic question, of course, is whether, under any circumstances, any employer has the right to the intimate details of his employees' personal lives. There is a certain point beyond which we may not go in violating the privacy of an individual, even if we say we are protecting our security or increasing our efficiency. We would, most of us, be repelled at the idea of brainwashing or drugging a job applicant to get every last bit of information out of him, even on the theory that it would be more efficient or reduce security risks. We accept testing as "voluntary." Yet even psychiatrists admit that the questions asked on psychological questionnaires are cleverly designed to trap the subject into revealing subconscious attitudes and reactions of which he himself may not be aware. Is this so different from the use of "truth serum"? Is it not the right to privacy and indeed personality, which is really at stake?

These were the questions which my experience with the Agency raised in my mind. And so I resigned, to the considerable satisfaction of the "medical" department, and then I began like any normal malcontent to write this article.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 4)

that, even at this late date, there are those to whom the villain in the Chambers-Hiss drama remains Whittaker Chambers.

Phoenix, Ariz. EDWIN MCDOWELL

Your defense struck at the essence of the conflict. The latter-day Nechayevs must destroy Chambers. He exposed too lucidly the barrenness of that Man-God worship known as secular humanism. Taught in the crucible of its logical Marxist extension, he saw the inevitable futility of materialism from a uniquely clear perspective, and combined this insight with his own poetic lyricism to produce what touches the soul of man, truth and beauty. Chambers sought that redemptive spirit which the West must somehow find in order to survive, but his deprecators, in their ideological blindness, do not even sense this need. The dichotomy is a portrait of our society.

Thank you for your most welcome commentary.

Whittier, Calif. A. M. VERITY

Thank you for yours. —ED.

It was interesting to read more about Chambers and Russian. He seems to have added to the difficulties of this language with his personification of it. *E.g.*, the preposition meaning *without* takes the genitive in Greek and doubtless other Indo-European languages (the genitive of separation) and certainly does not do so uniquely and "mischievously" in Russian; in "There is not a cloud in the sky" the word *cloud* is in the genitive (partitive) for reasons familiar to students of Greek and Latin, and apparent, for instance, in such a French phrase as "Il n'ya pas *de* nuage au ciel," and there is nothing so mysterious as "reasons evident only to the Russian mind."

In *Cold Friday* Chambers makes an odd reference to having been taught enough Latin to read Horace (whom he then misquotes slightly, making two verses out of one). The Latin of Horace ranges from the popular vulgarity of the satires to the intricate elegancy of the Odes, and Chambers' expression is almost the equivalent of "enough English to read Shakespeare" — which means what?

New York, N.Y. JOHN APPLETON
Senior Editor
The Saturday Evening Post

He meant, presumably, that he had reached the "fourth year" level: 1) grammar, basic readings, 2) Caesar, 3) Cicero, 4) Horace. —ED.

". . . savoring the highbrow's *dysphemism* for the relatively inoffensive 'stupid.'" ("The Assault on Whittaker Chambers" — WFB Jr., Dec. 15.)

No one minds recondite words, provided they *are* words, like calling Liberals "puberulent lotophagi"—but "dysphemism"! Come now, you wouldn't josh a guy!

Toronto, Ont. T. RIEDER

Actually, we would. But the word exists. See Webster, p. 712. —ED.

Bitten by Candy

In your recent editorial "Non-Extremism in Pursuit of Virtue" [Dec. 1] you referred to Terry Southern's *Candy* as "the most nauseating piece of pornography written in our time" and suggested that its publication and popularity are prime evidence that "we are far gone in degeneracy." Having just read *Candy* (as you, I think, have not), I cannot help laughing at your assertions.

Candy is, to be sure, a dirty book, written in approximately a week or ten days, probably to make money. But it is also an hilarious satire on

(Continued on p. 34)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Rising Generation in Britain

"The older generation here—especially middle-class people—are being worried into their graves by responsibility," a Scottish woman hotelkeeper told me recently. "The younger generation are happy—but perfectly irresponsible. How will it end?"

Kirk

Reared in the easy, if monotonous, milieu of the welfare state, the vast majority of young people in Britain take it for granted that some omniscient and inexhaustible power always will provide for their wants. So why worry? And why submit to any discipline? And why work, beyond a minimum? One cannot rise to any great height, but neither can one fall to any depth. Naively confident that a social cornucopia will continue to supply their material needs, the British rising generation increasingly declines to abide by custom, discipline or skill, and the small obligations of one's little job or circle.

The new Labor government is painfully conscious of this ineluctable fact. Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Mr. George Brown, the secretary of state for economic planning—both badly worried by Britain's shaky pound, precarious export trade, and comparative industrial inefficiency—turn to exhortation, particularly of the rising generation.

Mr. Harold Wilson invokes the "spirit of Dunkirk" (perhaps not a wholly happy analogy) to inspire the British people to greater exertions. He denounces the attitude of "I'm all right, Jack" that has mightily impaired British industry, through the restrictive practices and entrenched cloth of the trade unions. But exhortation alone is most unlikely to revive the sense of responsibility.

One dismaying bit of mischief is the Socialists' determination to abolish the "direct grant" grammar schools, consolidating these with "comprehensive schools" offering all things to all pupils, and vaguely founded upon the notion of the American high school, *à la* John Dewey. (Already, before Parliament has passed an act, Manchester is sweeping away its grammar schools on such a scheme.) For hundreds of years, the grammar schools (not to be confounded with the boarding schools) have imparted disciplines, primarily literary, that had a strong ethical bent. If the great public schools trained the hereditary and professional aristocracy, the grammar schools are to be swept into the dustbin of history; Cicero is to be supplanted by sociability and "education for democratic living"; and the next generation, intellectually rootless, will resemble still more sharply the flies of a summer.

Brash, egalitarian, and arrogant without visible reason, the present rising generation takes the Beatles for its exemplars: many young Englishmen tease their mops of hair as American girls do. Orwell's "naked democracy of the public swimming-baths" now has plenty of pocket-money, so that the children of working-class parents in old York habitually hail taxis instead of walking or cycling. They will be liberated from the notions of *The Offices* or *The Republic*. But already they are enchained by boredom or aimlessness; and they may come to know a master harsher far than any grammarian. Fifteen years ago, E. H. Carr wrote that, in the coming British collective order, "the donkey must feel the stick, as well as see the carrot." If honor, distinction, and large pecuniary rewards fall into desuetude—why, still the world's work must be done, and men in Whitehall will see to that. New compulsions will supplant the old incentives. It is only two decades to 1984.

Yet one need not cry unceasingly *O tempora! O mores!* Some young men and women, particularly of county families and upper-middle-class antecedents—the rising generation of the hard-pressed elements in British society—perceive that responsibility is not to be evaded. I think, for instance, of the Scottish laird's son who, having groped for some dreamy freedom from duties, and having wandered all about the world, at length has settled doggedly down to restoring his family's farms, working harder than any of his ancestors have labored for generations. I think that, against great odds, he will succeed in saving the family's name and old house.

And the younger representatives of public school and grammar school still have some fight left in them: the old school tie will die hard, and conceivably may decline to be tossed into the dust-bin. As if, like Farinata, he had great scorn of Hell, a young Norfolk schoolmaster (who next year will commence a stint in a comprehensive school) describes to me his disgust with many of the boys enrolled at a well-known American military academy, where he taught during the past year. These adolescents, ardent disciples of "the *Playboy* philosophy," were a far cry from the companions my schoolmaster had known at his athletic public school. Such youthful survivors of a great educational tradition will do what they can to leaven the lump of "education for democratic living." Matthew Arnold, inspector of schools, has not yet been utterly overwhelmed by cinema and commercial "tellie."

These sturdy spirits notwithstanding, Britain will find it difficult to recruit earnest and imaginative young people enough to fill the shoes of the generation which is passing. The underpaid and overworked medical profession under the National Health Service, for instance, offers small attraction to a young man of some natural gifts, but reared in a climate of opinion obsessed with easy living at public expense, and resentful of discipline, regularity, sacrifice. Forget silly slogans like "exporting is fun," cries Mr. George Brown. Well and good: yet a generation which ridicules copybook headings, and grammar schools, must live by silly slogans.

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A Reasoned Ethics

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Henry Hazlitt certainly needs no introduction to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. In the last decades he has been one of the most consistent and systematic defenders of personal liberty and, above all, of a free economy against all forms of materialism, "fatalism" and collectivism. Not content, however, with an exposition of only the practical advantages of our free (or near-free) economic order, he has felt impelled to probe deeper and to look for its moral foundations. In this search he has developed what could be called not an entire philosophy, but at least a system of morality with its own rational cogency.

This book is an impressive achievement: it is lucidly written in a language any educated person can understand; it avoids the jargon of those scholars who cannot really handle the English language; and it offers us a true panorama of the various efforts to establish a system of morals on a rational foundation. Which morals? Basically those which guided Western civilization during its early pagan phase and, even more, during its Christian phase, and which are now under attack from various quarters: from a materialistic determination stemming from the grandfather of democracy, the Marquis de Sade (so little known as a political thinker); from "biologism," a solipsistic hedonism; from inroads made by Asian agnostic notions (even if these now seem rooted in "Anglo-Saxon" groves of academe). Mr. Hazlitt's outlook is, perhaps, deistic—this I feel though I cannot put my finger on it; but in the domain of ethics, deism and theism speak at least an analogous language and they really should make common cause. Hazlitt's repeated statement that ethics is a means rather than an ultimate end should occasion no quarrel with the theist.

The Foundations of Morality, by Henry Hazlitt. Van Nostrand, $9.95

Mr. Hazlitt—quite rightly—rejects the idea that there is no antithesis between the interests of society and those of the individual, and he insists that our morality is "practical" in the deeper sense of the term. There is a pre-established harmony between ethics, our personal happiness (in the long run!), and the weal of society, and he arrives at the formula: "The real interests of the individual and of society nearly always *coincide*, but are not (such is our human predicament) in every case *identical*."

It is impossible within the frame of a short review to offer the reader a comprehensive picture of this book. The seventh chapter, "Long Run *vs.* Short Run," is a most important key to the main argument. In view of the exaggerated claims of some of our theologians in arguing along the lines of the natural law, one has to applaud Hazlitt's careful formulation: "If... we think of natural law as merely a misnomer for Ideal Law, or Law-as-It-Ought-to-Be, and if, in addition, we have the humility or scientific caution to assume that we do not intuitively or automatically know what this is, but that it is something to be discovered and formulated by experience and reason, and that we can constantly improve our concepts without ever reaching finality or perfection, then we have a powerful tool for the continuous reform of positive law." Crucial also is the chapter on "Egoism, Altruism and Mutualism," and witty the chapter entitled "Duty for Duty's Sake," in which Hazlitt goes to town on Kant; I think he is on less sure ground when he deals with the issue of "Absolutism *vs.* Relativism," although he frankly admits that "we must be extremely careful not to overstate it [*i.e.* the case against absolutism] and so land in the bottomless swamp of relativism or moral anarchy."

One might be less enthusiastic about the chapters relating to ascetism and to "Morality and Religion." Here the reviewer differs with the author who does, however, in spite of his strictures, confess that "the belief in an all-knowing and all-judging God remains a tremendous force in ethical conduct today."

In defense of his skepticism as to a religious foundation of ethics Hazlitt cites a long passage from the late Morris Cohen's *Faith of a Liberal*, quoting some of the worst records of "religion in action." The data provided by this "bitter and unqualified indictment" (Hazlitt's words) are quite correct and one could add even more material. But measured against our ethical notions we cannot talk about religion-in-general, but have to take the faiths individually—and not only individually, but also in their various phases of growth. There exists, as St. Vincent of Lérins in his *Commonitorium* stated 1,500 years ago, a *profectus Ecclesiae*, a "progress" of the Church through the ages, a process certainly not characterized by a steady speed. There are former laws, by-laws and regulations in the Catholic Church which today fill us not only with mirth, but with horror or indignation. Women who had died in childbirth —to quote one instance—were buried like dogs outside of sacred grounds because, not having been churched, they were "unclean"—clearly a hangover from Old Testament notions. This practice survived regionally until the seventeenth century. The Church, from a Christian viewpoint, attains greater truth and clarity through the ages; she is, as Hugo Rahner has pointed out, a dusty

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pilgrim through the centuries.

Hazlitt cites Dostoievsky and Santayana as opposing witnesses, for and against the necessity of religion as an ethical foundation, and he openly sides with Santayana. This reviewer, however, fails to see a personally coactive element in ethics based purely on a reasoning process. Even many Catholic theologians, incidentally, are inclined in this direction, and here one rather sympathizes with Barth. Playing the *advocatus diaboli* in discussing this issue with theologians on a revelational and existential rather than on a social and rational basis, one easily gets the better of them, especially of the dear Natural Law acrobats. It is precisely in those nations and religions where the emotive-personal-supernatural and the rational elements are happily blended that we have higher moral standards.

A purely rational approach to morals (for instance, in the form the Soviets are trying to put across) is almost certainly doomed to failure, even if isolated individuals respond to it. The "atheist saint" is not too rare, but he does not "carry" a nation's ethics, and Mr. Hazlitt knows that the ethical environment helps very much to fashion positive individual morals. There remains, moreover, the problem of the personal co-activeness of exclusively reasoned morals. The argument "if everybody would do this, we would all soon founder" is an "iffy" proposition which rarely works with the radically independent mind. *Christian* ethics not only take deeds into consideration but also *thoughts*. They are "radical," which means that they go to the *roots*. They transcend the problem of mere social interaction and social ethics. They address themselves to the soul or, if Mr. Hazlitt prefers the term, to consciousness (and conscience).

These remarks, however, do not mean that the Christian moralist can or ought to brush Mr. Hazlitt's book aside. To the contrary, indeed; he should see in the rational moralist (or in the moral rationalist) a valuable and necessary ally. This is certainly true of the Catholic theologian, whose knowledge and reasoning would be greatly enriched by perusing this volume, which also contains a brilliant defense of free enterprise. As a preliminary crowning of Mr. Hazlitt's lifelong labors, one must wish it every imaginable success.

Catalyst of Liberty

EDMUND A. OPITZ

"He was the most approachable and most impenetrable of men, easy and delightful of acquaintance, impossible of knowledge." So Nock appeared to many of his contemporaries; but this sentence is actually AJN's estimate of his favorite American, Thomas Jefferson. Nock was something of a legend while he lived, seeking privacy as assiduously as most men seek publicity, and the myths he sowed around his person assured his solitariness. Yet, paradoxically, this private man *par excellence* was a prime mover in the public realm. Not a paradox, really, for it is only when matters truly private are handled individually that men deal competently with things public.

The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man, by Albert Jay Nock. Regnery, $5.95

The Mind and Art of Albert Jay Nock, by Robert M. Crunden. Regnery, $4.95

Mr. Nock's *Memoirs* are not autobiography as that literary form is customarily understood. They are the detached account of an unusual mind, the ideas it entertained, and how it came to hold these ideas. True, a man's life is the point of departure, but no more details of that life are revealed than can be used as pegs to hang the ideas on. Nock caters to prurience not at all, and so in reading him the simian side of human nature recedes, while the truly human faculties are brought into play. As a reading experience, this is something like looking into a mirror which reflects, not the warts and missing teeth, but only the better features. Nock does make demands of his readers, but if the demands are half-way met the latent potentialities in a man begin to pop out.

Nock has a way of becoming an event in a man's life, as almost any reader of his books will tell you. Years ago he happened to me. An occasional article by a name which meant nothing to me provided enough gritty material so that the classroom collectivism didn't go down smoothly. Following a lead in one essay, I looked up Spencer's *The Man versus the State*, and then I tasted the forbidden fruit of a book or two by Nock himself, with some misgivings. But after World War II I picked up a second-hand copy of the *Memoirs* in McDonald's in San Francisco and sat up reading it during a long train trip across the country. By the time I reached the East Coast I had chosen sides. But I was not Nock's man; I was more than ever my own man, I felt, as a result of AJN's gentle prodding.

Nock never intrudes upon the reader by telling him what to think or what to do, but there is no mistaking what *he* thought, and precisely why he thought so. His stance is perfectly illustrated by one of Leonard Read's stories. Read went through *Our Enemy, the State* in the mid-thirties, and then wrote Nock to tell him how much he liked it. "But how can you advocate the Single Tax?" Read asked. "I don't advocate the Single Tax," AJN replied; "I merely believe in it!"

Albert Jay Nock

Nock steered clear of all causes and all reforms, except one. The cause to which he devoted himself with singleness of purpose was the liberation of the individual person—not a task which can be accomplished by proxy. When an individual seeks to reform himself, the only help his environment can provide is the presence of an already liberated person. Nock has

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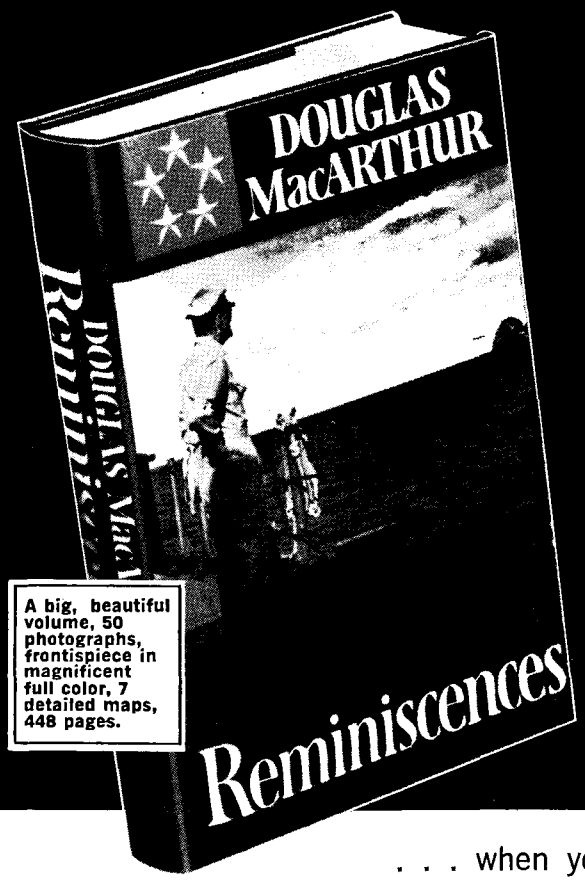

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been such a catalyst for many a man. And when a person presents society with one reformed unit he has done everything within his power to reform that society. There is no political shortcut by which "society" may be got at directly to upgrade it, and Nock, "a genuine political mind," as Jacques Barzun calls him, devoted much of his energy to underscoring this truism.

Nock contributed to politics by clarifying the ancient surmise that there are two political institutions, not just one. There is, on the one hand, Government—a social agency of arrest and restraint, providing services necessary for the maintenance of society and financed by an equitable assessment levied on all citizens. This indispensable organ of society is granted a legal monopoly of force to maintain the peace and order of the community by curbing those who break that peace. The great aim of Government is to secure persons and property from predation and violence. And just as a fire department gets into action only to extinguish a blaze, so Government operates by purely negative interventions to deter and punish crime and aggression. It does not intervene positively in a vain effort to make men good.

The other political institution is the State, a predatory arrangement in which a ruling class uses the law as an instrument of plunder. The State may be imposed upon a people beaten in a war of conquest—the victors fastening themselves on the defeated nation and exacting tribute in the form of taxes, rents, and dues of various kinds. Or, alternatively, the State may emerge internally within a nation, as the result of a silent capture of the machinery of government by men who pervert an instrument of justice into a mechanism for dispensing economic privilege to a few at the expense of the many. The State operates on the "redistributionist principle"; it exacts a portion of everything its citizens produce in the form of taxes and redistributes this "take" in the form of subsidies. It camouflages this racket by pretending a specious concern for the welfare of "the poor"; but the political structure of a society is the power structure of that society, and in any power play it is always the poor and powerless who are hurt first and most.

Contemporary society has forgotten these fundamental political truths, and it will pay dearly for its willful ignorance and the cupidity which compounds it. Societies have often degenerated into mobs; but a mob has never escalated into a society. Nock knew this, and so he contented himself with exposing the plain truth of things in this area, confident that this truth would be there waiting when men were finally ready to receive it.

Nock's editorial and writing career began in 1910 and continued until his

Books Abroad

● RARE MANUSCRIPT: Only Mr. Eric Osborne of Dawson's bookshop, Pall Mall, spotted the possible significance of the manuscript book squeezed in between "A book of recipes" and "Methodist Miscellanea" in the catalogue at Christie's auction room in London. The catalogue described it as containing 68 leaves in various Elizabethan hands, and including recipes, remedies, passages of Latin, and "divers ditties to be sung." When finally Lot 172 was knocked down to Osborne for £360 he began a careful examination to see whether his hunch (based upon a rather devilishly casual survey in the auction room before bidding began) had paid off. It had—even beyond his expectations. In addition to some twenty Elizabethan poems unknown or unpublished, the book contains a new version of a passage of 52 lines from Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*. And from the signature, Richard Waferer, on its vellum cover, may have belonged to a family related to Shakespeare by marriage.

● NR IN LONDON: *Freedom and the Politicians* by NATIONAL REVIEW's London contributor Anthony Lejeune has been singled out for praise by the *Times Literary Supplement* in a front-page article on the paucity of present British political literature. Mr. Lejeune "does at least escape from mere bandying of slogans, on the one hand, and rather dreary definitions of party policy in committee language, on the other. He calls in aid the political philosophers from classical times onwards and places the debate, in spite of some subjective excess, firmly on the intellectual plane."

● AMERICANA: A *Sunday Times* reviewer describes the first English edition of Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* (Collins) as "a useful and timely sourcebook" and sums up by saying that the author "is, in fact, no racialist but a passionate fighter in the battle against undue encroachment of the central power." . . . American books coming out in London include *Letters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer* (Cape), William Faulkner's *Mosquitoes* (Chatto & Windus), Donald Hall's *A Roof of Tiger Lilies* (Deutsche), Marianne Moore's *Arctic Ox* (Faber), Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Gerard* and *Tristessa* (Deutsche), and William Carlos Williams' *Paterson* (MacGibbon and Kee).

● BEETHOVEN THEFT: The full story of one of the strangest literary mysteries of the present century—the disappearance of a large quantity of important Beethoven material from the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek in East Berlin—has not yet been made public. But news filtering through from various sources enables us to put together the following sketch. One hundred and thirty-six "conversation books" (used for communicating with the deaf Beethoven during his later years), plus 34 autograph letters and other material disappeared from the Staatsbibliothek during the late 1940s or early 1950s. After serious alarm and unsuccessful efforts to trace them over a number of years, the "conversation books" found their way to the Beethoven Archive at Bonn, whence they were restored to the East German authorities. The books are now back in the Staatsbibliothek, which announces that a final complete edition is in preparation—welcome news for musicologists and Beethoven lovers who for long have had to do with incomplete, uncritical and, at times, ambiguous editions.

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death in 1945. Robert Crunden surveys the entire period, and approaches his subject in true Nockian spirit. With amazing industry, he has sifted mountains of material for traces of AJN. He has corresponded with Nock's friends and acquaintances of several decades, and he has had access to private papers hitherto inaccessible. This material has been judiciously weighed and the result is a readable, balanced and perceptive account of Nock's encounter with the changing intellectual climate of the United States during his lifetime. The volume is recommended on its own merits, but in addition, it is an indispensable handbook for a reader wishing to flesh out the main character of the *Memoirs*.

Movies

Farewell, My Lady

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I DID NOT see the stage performance of *My Fair Lady*, but I am willing to accept Mr. Jack Warner's million-dollar word that the screen version is a reasonable facsimile of the original package, and a lot plusher too. For me it was at least two-stage, twice as big as life. On the wide screen those super-panavision colors came right out and shook hands. And

I believe the stereotropic sound was somehow or other six-track. It seemed to flow from every angle including from under my seat.

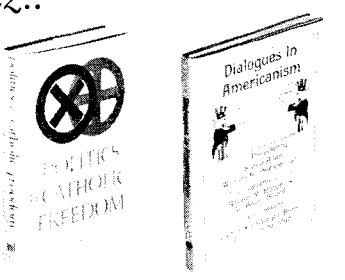
The face of Eliza is the face of Audrey Hepburn, but the singing voice is Marni Nixon's voice. However, the synchronization is excellent. Yet of the principal characters our Audrey was the only one who did not really fit, in the Shavian sense. She herself, though at thirty-four still an enchanting child-woman, is just not the Eliza Doolittle type, not earthy, not full-bodied enough. As Ondine—I did not see the play of that name—I should think she would be *eine echte Wassernixe*. But as Eliza she does not approach the artistry and robust conviction of Wendy Hiller who played Eliza in the black and white screen version of *Pygmalion* just before World War II. Incidentally, Higgins may have taught Miss Doolittle to speak Standard English, but Miss Hepburn's phonetics teachers have not succeeded in making her speak real Cockney.

Time that brings all things brings remakes of most old films. I wish that Mr. Warner's fifteen million dollars that has just conjured forth *My Fair Lady* might have gone into a straight new super-color version of *Pygmalion*. As for the other characters, everything has really been said elsewhere that needs saying. Rex Harrison is a bit more blatant a Higgins than the late Leslie Howard, plays the laughs a little harder but one can't begrudge him that. Stanley Holloway for all his years is as good an Alfred Doolittle as anyone has a right to hope for. Wilfred Hyde-White is urbanely adequate as Colonel Pickering. Gladys Cooper plays Higgins' mother. And so on. Since the film was made in Hollywood, the extras overplay themselves, as they always do there. I suppose it is an occupational disease nursed by the legend of what happened to that extra, Clark Gable, years ago by his flapping his ears extra hard.

I FIND myself basically objecting to something beyond the film. What is wrong is the whole Lerner and Loewe hybrid art form, this musicalization-trivialization of a standard work. They began it all eight years ago with *My Fair Lady* and since then it has proliferated among the less adept. Everything has been musicalized from *Oliver Twist* to *Tom Sawyer*. Some have become fairish hits, like *New*

of Intelligent Controversy...

...and two notable contributions thereto, viz.:



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Girl in Town (*Anna Christie*); many have been dismal flops like the musical version of *Juno and the Paycock* (or was it *The Plough and the Stars*?). And now there's even a musical Sherlock Holmes in the offing. The pattern has become so fixed that almost anyone could improvise the semi-tuneless tunes to any next book —*War and Peace*, let's say. Once in a slightly bawdy mood I had even thought of a musicalization of the life of Oscar Wilde, to be called——. But then I discovered that Frank Harris had anticipated me in that atrocious pun fifty years ago.

The best thing that can be said about *My Fair Lady* is that most of it is still Shaw. Those Lerner and Loewe songs and capers are a patchwork, and the stitching shows. Where they strike off on their own, as in the Ascot scene, the stitching gives. Compare its crude climax with Shaw's tea party and the "not bloody likely" climax line—the difference between the master and the rewrite man.

"All right, you carper!" the reader of the article may exclaim, "If you don't happen to like musicalized Shaw, please remember thousands have thought otherwise and millions more are now going to. How much do you get paid for this article and how much did Lerner and Loewe get paid for the film rights of their 'musicalization,' as you so barbarously call it? [Lerner and Loewe got $5,500,000. What I get is a trade secret.] Just what do you want anyhow, and why?"

It's a fair enough question. What I really want for fifteen million dollars is something more than Shaw *en dentelle*. What I want is a musical piece where story, music and lyric fuse with each other, as they did in a more decorous era with Gilbert and Sullivan. None of these rather vaporing songs from *My Fair Lady* could stand up to even a minor Gilbert lyric and Sullivan tune. In fact, the ones I remember sound flattishly derivative: *Wouldn't It Be Loverly*, a cooky-cutter version of *Bonnie Charlie's Gang Awa'; With a Little Bit of Luck*, ditto of *Listen to the Mocking Bird*.

The prototype of what ought to be goes back over two hundred years to *The Beggar's Opera* where Gay took folk tunes and so fused them with his text that he created an artistic unity. Brecht and Weil understood this well enough when they transposed Gay to jazz-asphalt Berlin in the twenties and sounded in the haunting jangle of its tunes the death overture of the Weimar Republic. Lerner and Loewe haven't understood it at all.

I'm waiting for that Sherlock Holmes musical! I can even imagine those lyrics:

I've a clue, Watson.
It's for you, Watson!
The thing
To bring
The doorbell's ting-a-ling
To you, Watson.
Thousands on Baker Street
Make it a shaker street, etc.

Anyone who wants my music to the above kindly enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

OPEN OCCUPANCY VS. FORCED HOUSING UNDER THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT, edited by Alfred Avins (Bookmailer, $6.00). In 1948, the Supreme Court ruled that state courts could not enforce restrictive racial convenants, to the presumed dismay of America's most famous restrictive convenantor, Lyndon B. Johnson. Legislation in many states has since been passed affirmatively requiring that persons renting or selling homes and apartments not discriminate between buyers on the basis of race, creed, color or national origin. On November 20, 1962, President Kennedy signed an order prohibiting such discrimination in housing built or purchased with federal aid, such as loans or mortgages. This book is a very useful collection of learning on the legal, economic and sociological aspects of the resulting situation. It is a pretty one-sided presentation, but that side is presented quite intelligently by a generally distinguished group of panelists. A convincing demonstration is made that legal efforts to achieve compulsory integration in housing create more problems than they solve, and do serious damage to our constitutional tradition. J. D. MAHONEY

THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT: *Aristocracy & Caste in America*, by E. Digby Baltzell (Random House, $6.95). The author is an Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, but his book is not much marked by the methodology of sociological enquiry. Nor is it historical writing.

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Perhaps it is a demi-socio-historical biography of The Protestant Establishment. Professor Baltzell's central idea is unarguable: following de Tocqueville, he holds that aristocracy and aristocratic control are essential to prevent democracy from degenerating into mob rule; further, he believes the only aristocracy America has had—the Anglo-Saxon Protestant elite that once governed us—has ceased to be "representative" and is now merely a caste mostly concerned with protecting its privileges. What is to be done? The answer really is not indicated in a book that finds the Roosevelts "an outstanding example of the humanistic leadership of aristocratic assimilation." Today's crisis in leadership is probably inherent in a republican system, especially in a relativistic age; and it will not be resolved, one suspects, by that which gives hope to Professor Baltzell. He believes the children and grandchildren of those men who went to Washington to serve the New Frontier will constitute the growing elite America needs. G. M. PEPPER

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld, translated by Leif Sjöberg and W. H. Auden (Knopf, $4.95). It is a great relief to find Dag Hammarskjöld made human at long last, in this mixed bag of diary entries, meditations, prose poems and *haiku*, which he described as "a sort of *white book* concerning my negotiations with myself—and with God." His adorers and his detractors will find it revealing, and will then proceed to misuse it to prove points of their own. As W. H. Auden (an Assistant Adorer) admits in his windy foreword, Hammarskjöld exhibits megalomania, narcissism, masochistic self-doubt, hypersensitivity and other Freudian categories, as well as a tendency to brood with chilly Nordic intensity. At the same time, he reveals unflinchingly morbid honesty with himself, an admirable (if abstract) sense of duty, and a clear-sighted, encompassing faith which saw beyond Bethlehem to Golgotha. *Markings* has moments of affecting beauty. More important, it demonstrates that its author did not always negotiate from strength. C. H. SIMONDS

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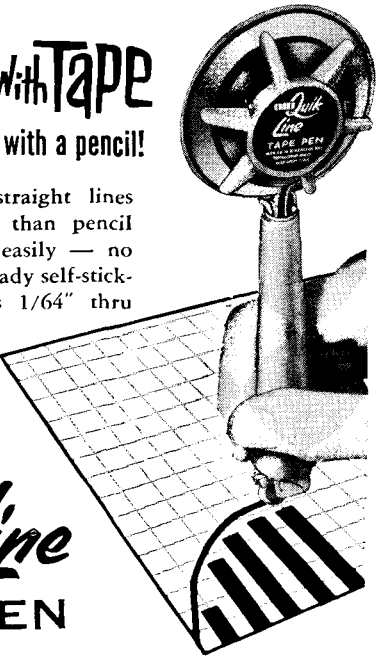

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 23)

dirty books, so exaggerated as to be absurd and no more than mildly stimulating. It is also a devastating lampoon of the arty Liberals who abound at Eastern colleges, especially in the student bodies of certain girls' schools in and north of New York City.

Kindly take care in the future not to appear so ridiculous to your collegiate readership.

Princeton, N.J. DENIS B. MONTGOMERY

We never said it wouldn't strike the nouveaux pubescents as arty and hilarious. —ED.

Unjammed

As a shipboard radio officer and "ham" operator, I'd like to commend the factual accuracy of E. Schlosser's article, "Disarming the Air Waves" [Nov. 17]. When at sea and out of the range of standard broadcast stations, I tune in the English-language broadcasts of the VOA, RFE or BBC. About two years ago I noticed that some of the broadcasts from the West were getting through without the usual jamming.

Last Spring, in Massawa, Ethiopia, we docked near a Russian ship and their radio officer came aboard our ship for a visit. I asked him about the jamming, or lack of it in this case. His reply was: "The United States and Russia are alike now. Your leaders in the USA have finally awakened and now know that the Russian way of life is best and offers the best prospects for peace and prosperity. There is no longer a need to interfere with your broadcasts. The Voice Of America and Radio Moscow now broadcast the same thing. Both are now broadcasting the truth about the Soviet Union to the world."

I must agree that he was, at least partially, right.

Warrington, Fla. H. E. WHALEY

As Europe Sees Us

Would like to hear more "From the Continent" through the discerning eyes of Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, whose vision reaches beyond the usual European view of the provincial-American-slob. But Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn shouldn't have been surprised at the dedication of conservatives [Dec. 1]. A conservative without enthusiasm would be akin to Mr. Buckley's cheek sans tongue.

Denver, Colo. JANET HOLMES

Conservatism's Future

Re "The Republican Party and the Conservative Movement" [Dec. 1]:

The reason the conservative movement is not flourishing is that it is associated with bigotry, vested interests, and resistance to all change.

The answer is simply to lead the (legitimate) civil rights movement, and in so doing create a new "image." This is possible, consistent with constitutional principles, and will increase the ranks, both numerically and socially.

Cranston, R.I. JOHN M. EGAN

When reading the articles on the Republican Party, I was impressed, as I am with all such articles at present, with their excessive anxiety about position but dulled perception of principle. There is a danger that by so identifying a platform with a situs, the result will be a pose. The Republican Party ought not to be simply a locus, but the instrument of a coherent body of political convictions. Therefore concepts of political thought are currently more pertinent than recourse to a political astrolabe that merely describes a static position when our present need is a chart for a navigable course.

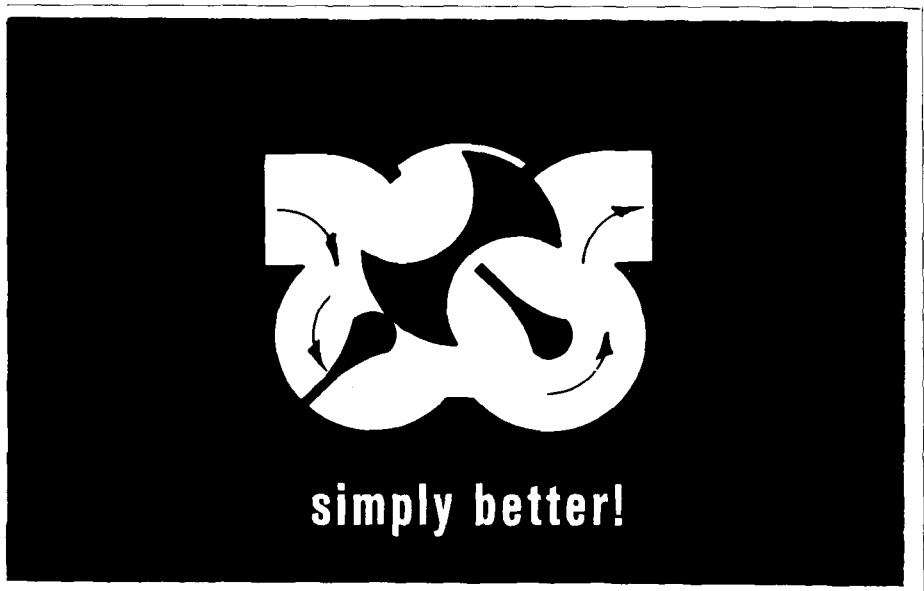
Northfield, Minn. REGINALD D. LANG

You're impressed? We're impressed! —ED.

Milton and the Prize

Mr. Buckley's column on the granting of Nobel Prizes [Nov. 17] has in it, I feel, one great misunderstanding. He says that Milton would not have received that Liberal accolade, presumably on account of his puritanism. Mr. B. errs seriously.

For Milton was in many ways the archetype of the modern Liberal intellectual. In religion, his pursuit of divine meaning by reason alone led to the exclusion of the supernatural; he became a unitarian. In his view original sin could be overcome by a process which looks like prayer but is really education, a process by which a *new man* is producible. This process of producing the new man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was to him the supreme task—hence his (theoretical) defense of free enquiry as the *sine qua non* thereof.

To Milton there were no final answers, only a constant movement of ideas of which the *direction* was unquestionable, but the *destination* indefinable. Is this not the essence of intellectual Liberalism?

In the larger social sense, Milton's ideas were profoundly revolutionary and destructive of ordered principles. They involved a progression through deism to a humanist religion of vast social implications. This wisdom of an educated elite, implacably opposed to traditional authority, would entitle it to shape the new man and the new society. When he held office briefly under Cromwell, the author of the *Areopagitica* never hesitated to silence those who disagreed with his "tolerant" opinions.

May we not conclude, then, that Milton would indeed have received a Nobel Prize—despite his literary merits?

Hamilton, Ont. J. W. DALY

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

(Continued from p. 16)

this was an objective assessment that tends to stress his relative political sophistication over that of many of his admirers, some of whom are now his critics; and b) because of a personal humility which so sharply distinguishes him from the megalomania that takes hold of so many men who brush up against high political office. A matter of weeks after he was elected President, John F. Kennedy confided to an associate that he thought he was probably better equipped to be President than any man living in America. They call that —*de mortuis nil nisi bonum* — Self-Confidence. Senator Goldwater's confidence has always been in the rightness of his views—that we are marching at home into statism, and abroad into a disastrous appeasement. He never said he was the best conceivable man to dramatize the case and then lead his people to the promised land. He merely acquiesced, finally and under pressure, to undertake to lead the crusade. He was always prepared to be mowed down by the artillery fire from ahead. He was not prepared, and should not now have to prepare himself, to be shot at from behind.

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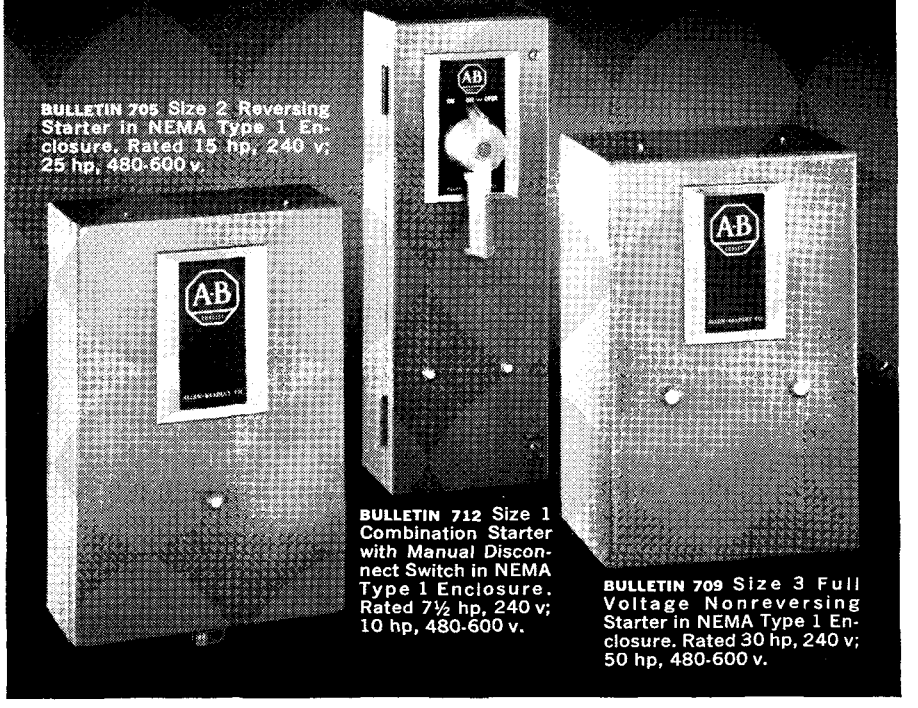
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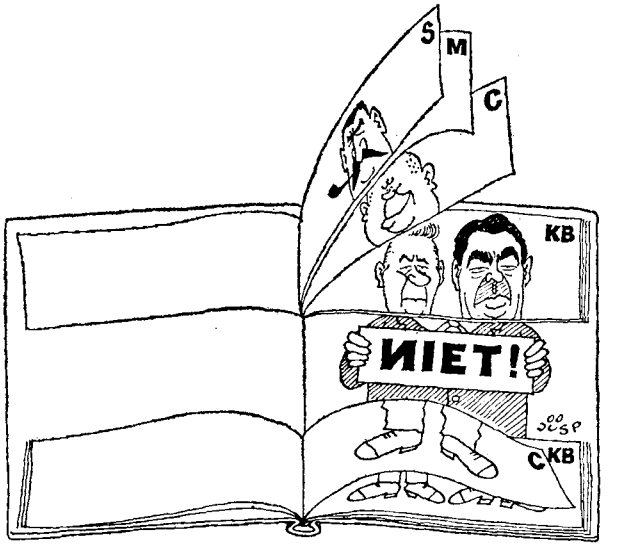
For The Record

Fun and games in the new Congress: Odds seem to favor Sen. Russell Long (Liberal) over Sen. Mike Monroney (Liberaler) and Sen. John Pastore (Liberalest) to succeed Hubert Humphrey as Majority Whip; but then LBJ has not yet indicated his preference. Their ADA-ACA ratings: Long 17-32; Monroney, 64-13; Pastore, 90-11. . . . One proposal of a Great Society anti-poverty task force presented to Mr. Johnson a month ago has not been heard from since: it called for cash subsidies from the government to individuals with sub par incomes—a kind of reverse income tax. . . . Into the hopper just as soon as the Congress convenes will be a resolution by Sen. George McGovern (D., S. Dak.) to permit the showing of the USIA-produced John F. Kennedy film to domestic audiences. . . . (In mid-December, the influential Overseas Press Club Bulletin announced a private showing of the film for club members as part of the drive to make an exception in its case and permit its showing in the U.S.)

Dissident Negroes in the South Sudan oppose the Sudanese Government's support of the pro-Communist Congolese rebels who are being supplied with Egyptian, Algerian, and Ghanaian arms through Juba in the South Sudan. Reason: A number of Sudanese Negroes had been murdered by Congolese rebels in the border areas. . . . The African campaign against Tshombe is being coordinated by Cuban guerrilla expert Che Guevara who has paid two visits in past fortnight to Algiers and is now on a tour of Mali, Ghana, Guinea and the former French Congo, anti-Tshombists all. . . . Latin American opposition to Fidel Castro increasing. The Brazilian Government last week virtually invited the Cuban rebels to set up a government in exile, possibly on Brazilian soil; and Venezuelan longshoremen have announced they will no longer service ships of nations that trade with Cuba. . . . Castro guerrillas, quiescent for some months after the Leoni election last winter, have stepped up their terrorist activities.

Eyebrows raised over appointment of Richard Guylay to high post in the Interpublic public relations combine. Guylay, as PR director for the Goldwater-Miller campaign, had thrown all that business to Erwin, Wasey, Ruthrauff and Ryan—an Interpublic subsidiary. . . . Hats off to Prof. Clarence Randall who recently resigned from Arthur Larson's anti-rightist Council for Civic Responsibility because of Larson's refusal to answer correspondence from Dean Clarence Manion. Larson's committee had called the Manion Forum a "Birch front."

Russian Picture-Book



Jusp-Wir Bruckenbauer, Switzerland — Ben Roth Agency

Interesting: the American Civil Liberties Union refused to give legal aid to students arrested in Berkeley riots on the grounds that "trespassing, failure to disperse and resisting arrest are not matters involving loss of civil liberties." . . . Where is he now? William Wieland, the high ranking State Department official who kept on giving Fidel Castro "excellent" ratings up to the day he marched into Havana, is reliably reported ensconced in a plush State Department office writing a book on "the role of the Foreign Service wife" which will be distributed, free of charge, to all fsw's.

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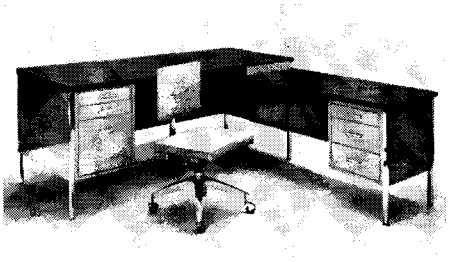

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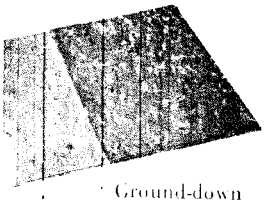

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